This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

433 07483918 8

Merry Songs and Ballads

NATIONAL BALLAD AND SONG

Merry Songs and Ballads

PRIOR TO THE YEAR A.D. 1800

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

VOLUME III

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

MDCCCXCVII

9685554

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

INDEX

TO VOL. III

AUTHORS, TITLES, FIRST LINES, REFRAINS, AND SOURCES

"Abroad as I was walking" (T. DURFEY, 1678) . 53
Academy of Complements 51
Advice to a Friend upon his Marriage (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 59
"After the Pangs of a Desperate Lover" (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 252
Ah, what a pleasure (Refrain) 252
AKEROYDE 85, 90, 93, 96, 98, 101, 106
"All the materials are the same" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) 242
"As Chloris full of harmless Thought" (EARL of ROCHESTER, *b.* 1680) 55
"As Colin rang'd early one morning in spring" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1760) 269
"As I cam o'er the Cariney Mount" (*Merry Muses of Caledonia*, *b.* 1796) 279
"As I was a walking, I heard a maid talking" (*Broadside* by Mr. ESTCOURT, *c.* 1720) 248
"As I went over Tawny Marsh" (A catch in *Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 66

8X487 1

"As Jockey and Jenny together was laid" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) 240
"As Nell sat underneath her Cow" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) 222
"As on Serena's panting Breast" (T. DURFEY, 1683) 69
" As Roger last night to Jenny lay close" (*Broadside Catch*, *c.* 1770) 277
"At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep" (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 260

BAKER (Mr.) 254
Ballad of all the Trades, A (*c.* 1707) 101
Ballad of the Courtier and the Country Clown (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, *c.* 1707) 83
Ballad upon a Wedding, A New (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*) 144
Bashful Scot, The (*c.* 1707) 96
Batchelor, The Old (Tune) 173
BEARD (Mr.) 267, 269
Beauty and Desire (*c.* 1720) 242
"Beggar got a Beadle, A" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 141
" Being pursued by the Dragoons" (*Merry Muses of Caledonia*, *c.* 1796) 283
Belsize, The Pleasures of (*c.* 1720) 225
"Beneath a Mirtle Shade" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 119
"Beneath a shady Willow" (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 250
" Beneath the Myrtles secret shade" (JAMES OSWALD, *c.* 1740) 266

Blacksmith, The (Tune) 132
BLOW (Dr.) 214
Bonny Christ Church Bells, The (Tune) 110
Bristol Drollery (1674) 52
BROWN (K.) 175
BURNS (R.) 271, 279, 281, 283, 285
But what's that to you? (Refrain) 108

"Calm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 115
"Celladon, when Spring came on" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 195
CHAPPELL (Popular Music) 39, 51, 127
Charming Celia lyes upon her Bridal bed (Catch in *Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 61
Christ Church Bells (Tune) 61
CLARKE (Mr.) 217
"Clemene, pray tell me" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 193
CLISSOLD (Mr.) 187
Cloak's Knavery, The (Tune) 127
Cloe's precaution (*Windsor Medley*, 1731) 262
"Come all you wanton wenches" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 16
"Come in, Tom longtayle, come short hose and round (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 37
"Come, Neighbours, follow me" (*Roxburgh Ballads*, 1620-55) 39
"Come Neighbours now we've made our hay" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) 246
Comical Dreamer, The (*c.* 1719) 210

Comin' o'er the Hills of Coupar (*b.* 1796) 281
"Cooke Laurell wold needs have the devill his guest" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 11
Country Miss with her Furbelow, The (Tune) . . 195
Courtier and the Country Clown, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 83
CROUCH (HUMPHREY). 45
Cuckolds all (*c.* 1719). 201
Cuckold's Haven (1620-55) 39
"Curiosity made Sylvia seek the various Flowers of May" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) 226

Dainty Davie (*b.* 1796) 283
"Dainty Ducke I chanced to meete, A" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 36
Dialogue between a Widdow and a Rake, A (*c.* 1720) 217
DOGGET (W.). 171
"Donald Brodie met a lass" (*Merry Muses of Caledonia*, *b.* 1796) 281
"Draw, draw the curtain, fye, make hast" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 191
Dream, The (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 250
DURFEY (T.). 53, 67, 69, 70, 169, 176

Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Honourable Charles Leigh (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 191
ESTCOURT (Mr.) 248

Fading Rose, A (Sub-title) 127
FARMER (THOMAS) 69
Farmer's Maggot (Tune). 67
Fart, The (1711) 176

Forgetful Mother, The (*c.* 1707) 98
"Forgive me, Venus, if I tell" (*Windsor Medley*, 1731) 262
"From France, from Spain, from Rome I come" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 136
"Fye Jockey never prattle more so like a Loon" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1709) 174

GALLIARD (Mr.) 252, 260
Gelding of the Devil, The (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682). 62
"Gentle Breeze from the Lavinian Sea, A" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 204
Going of a Pad, The (*c.* 1707) 161
"Grasshopper and a Fly, A" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719). 212
GRAVES (JOS.) 239

HANDEL 250
"He that a Tinker, a Tinker would be" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 139
"He that intends to take a Wife" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 151
HEYWOOD (THOMAS) 5
Hide Park Frolick, The (*c.* 1707). 74
"How Happy's the Mortal" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 157
"How pleasant it is to discover" (*Bristol Drollery*, 1674) 52

"I cannot bee contented" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 21
"If any one long for a musical song" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 90

"If ever you mean to be kind" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1709) 173
"If't please you for to hear" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 206
"In an humor I was of late" (*Percy Folio MS.*, *b.* 1575) 1
"In a Seller at Sodom, at the sign of the T—" (Dr. BLOW, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) . 214
Industrious Smith, The (*Roxburgh Ballads*, 1635) . 45
Infallible Doctor, The (*c.* 1707) 136
"Infant Spring was shining, The" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 197
"In Pennance for past folly" (*Broadside*, 1770) . . 274
"In the Devil's Country there lately did dwell" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1709) 171
"I saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 72

Jenny making Hay (*c.* 1707) 108
Joan to her Lady (*c.* 1707) 93
"Jocky late with Jenny walking" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 96
"Jocky loves his Moggy dearly" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1709) 175
"John Anderson my Jo" (*The Masque*, *b.* 1768) 271
John and Joan (1719) 206
John and Nell (*c.* 1720) 222
John and Susan (*Musical Miscellany*, 1729) . . . 256
"John ask'd his Landlady thinking no ill" (*Broadside Catch*) 224
John the Miller (*c.* 1720) 224

"Jolly Roger Twangdillo of Plowden Hill" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 111
Jolly Young Swain, The (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) . . 244
JONSON (BEN) 11

Katy's a Beauty surpassing (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, *c.* 1707). 100

"Lady, sweet now do not frown" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*) 93
Lass, if I come near ye (Tune) 285
"Last night a dream came into my head" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 210
"Last night I thought my true love I caught" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 29
"Lay aside the Reaphook, Plow, and Cart" (*The Mountebank*, *c.* 1715) 188
Leg a derry, Leg a Merry, mett, mer, whoope whir! (Refrain) 23
"Let us drink and be merry, Dance, Joke and Rejoice" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) . . 121
"Let Wine turn a spark, and Ale huff like a Hector" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 127
LEVERIDGE (R.). 188, 195, 215
Libertine, The (T. DURFEY, 1683) 67
"Lie still my dear, why dost thou rise" (*Academy of Complements*, 1650) 51
Lillumwham (1620-50) 23
Longing Maid, The (*c.* 1707) 106
"Lords and Ladies who deal in the sport" (*c.* 1720) . 225
Loth to Depart (Tune) 51

"Louers harke! an alarum is sounding; now loue cryes" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 19
Lucky Minute, The (*b.* 1680) 55

"Maiden fresh as a Rose" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 189
"Maiden of Late, A" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 104
Maiden's Longing, The (*c.* 1707) 104
"Maids are grown so coy of late" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 85
"Maid shee went to the well to washe, The" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 23
"Man that hath a hansome wiffe, The" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 5
Marriage Whim, The (*c.* 1720) 239
Masque, The. 271
Masquerade Ballad, The 232
Merry Muses of Caledonia, The . 271, 279, 281, 283
Moderate Man, The (T. DURFEY, 1705) 70
Modern Prophets (T. DURFEY) 169
Mountebank, or the Country Lass, The (*c.* 1715) 188, 215
Musical Miscellany . . . 250, 252, 254, 256, 259, 260
My apron, Deary (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) . . 259
"My mother she will not endure" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 98

"Nay pish, Sir! what ails you?" (CLISSOLD, 1711) 187
New Ballad upon a Wedding, A (*c.* 1707). . . . 144
"Not long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 201

"Now listen a while, and I will tell" (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 62
"Now Roger, and Harry, and Susan, and Nan" (*The Mountebank*, *c.* 1720) 215
"Nymph of the Plain, A" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720). . 244

"O! a Masquerade's a fine place" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) 232
"Od's hartly wounds, Iz'e not to Plowing, not I Sir" (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 57
Of Noble Race was Shinkin (Tune). 256
Oh, Oh, for a husband (Refrain) 106
"Oh the Miller, the dusty, musty Miller" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 101
Old Batchelor, The (Tune) 173
Old Simon the Kinge (*Percy Folio MS.*, *b.* 1575) . 1
"O my poor husband for ever he's gone" (*c.* 1720) 217
"One Evening a little before it was dark" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 74
Oswald (James). 266
"O the time that is past" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 117

Pack (Mr.) 169
Packington's Pound (Tune) 127
"Panders come awaye" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 31
Percy Folio MS. (1620-50) 1, 5, 7, 9, 11, 16, 19, 21, 23, 29, 31, 36, 37
Pilgrim, The (*c.* 1770). 274
Pills to Purge Melancholy (1707) 53, 72, 74, 78, 83 85, 87, 90, 93, 96, 98, 100, 101, 104, 106, 108 110, 111, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 132 136, 139, 141, 144, 151, 157, 159, 161, 164, 166

Pills to Purge Melancholy (1709) 171, 173, 174, 175
Pills to Purge Melancholy (1719). 1, 11, 57, 62, 70
169, 176, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 201, 204
206, 210, 212, 214
"Pillycock came to my Lady's Toe" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 87
Pleasures of Belzise, The (*Broadside*, *c.* 1720) . . 225
"Poor Jenny and I we toiled" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 108
Popular Music, see CHAPPELL.
Power of Love, The (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 260
Power of Women, Song made on the (*c.* 1707) . 132
Praise of the Dairy-Maid, The (*c.* 1707) 127
Pretty Pegg of Windsor (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719). 197
Progress of Love, The (*c.* 1740) 266
PURCELL (HENRY) 193, 212
Puss in a Corner (*c.* 1707). 166

Rape of Lucrece. 15
Rapture, The (T. DURFEY, 1683) 69
Ravish'd Lover, The (*c.* 1736) 264
Riddle wittily expounded, A (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 78
ROCHESTER (EARL of) 55
Roxburgh Ballads 39, 45
Ruffian's Rant (Tune) 281

"Sabina in the dead of Night" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707). 123
"Says Dicky to Dolly, I love thee so well" (*The Virgin Sacrifice*, *c.* 1720) 220

Says old Simon the King (Refrain) 1
"See how charming Celia lyes upon her Bridal bed" (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 61
"See how fair and fine she lies" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 110
"See the building which whilest my Mistress liued" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1620-50) 7
Silly Maids, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 85
Sing tan tara, rara, tan-tivee (Refrain) 74
Sleeping Thames one morn I cross'd, The (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 144
Smock alone the differencc makes, The (Refrain) . 93
So bolt upright and ready to fight (Refrain) . . 87
"Some say that marriage life is best" (*Broadside*, by Mr. GRAVES, *c.* 1720) 239
Song made on the Power of Women, A (*c.* 1707) . 132
Song representing the going of a Pad, A (1707) 161
So rebel Johnny Scot (Refrain). 212
Spanish Gipsie (Tune) 39
"State and Ambition all joy to great Cæsar" (*Broadside Medley*, *c.* 1720) 229
Strike home thy pipe, Tom Longe (Refrain) . . . 37
Sweet Jenny shall I? shall I? (Refrain) 96
Sylvia a May Rolling (*c.* 1720) 226

TENOE (Mr.) 254
"There was a Lady in the North-Country" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 78
"There was a maid the other day" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 106

"There was a poor Smith liv'd in a poor town" (*Roxburgh Ballads*, 1635) 45
Tinker, The (*c.* 1707) 139
"To Cullies and Bullies" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 166
To Flora Drest (*Musical Miscellany*, 1729) . . . 254
"To Friend and to Foe, to all that I know" (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 59
Tom Longe (1620-50) 37
Tory, a Whig, and a Moderate Man, A (DURFEY, 1705) 70
Town Gallant, The (*c.* 1707) 121
Trick for Trick 53
"Turke in Linen wrapps his head, The" (*Percy Folio MS.*, 1608) 5
TURNER (Mr.) 220
Twangdillo (*c.* 1707) 111
"'Twas forth in a Morning, a Morning of May" (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 259
'Twas in the Land of Cyder (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 256

Unnatural Parent, The (*c.* 1750). 267

Virgin Sacrifice, The 220
Virgin's last Resolve, The (Sub-title) 267

"Walking down the Highland Town" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 164
Wanton Trick, The (*c.* 1707) 90
Wedding, A new ballad upon a (*c.* 1707) 144
"We London Valets all are Creatures" (T. DURFEY, *Modern Prophets*, 1709). 169

West-countryman's Song on a Wedding, The (*Wit and Mirth*, 1682) 57
"Wha is that at my bower door" (R. BURNS) . . 285
"When Fanny Blooming Fair" (*Broadside*, *c.* 1736) 264
"When for Air" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 161
"When Sylvia in Bathing, her charms does expose" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 159
Which nobody can deny (Refrain) 132, 171
"Whilst Love predominates over our souls" (T. DURFEY, 1683) 67
Whoop 'tis but a Wanton Trick (Refrain) 90
"Whose three hogs are these" (*Broadside Catch*, *c.* 1770) 278
"Why art thou drest, my lovely maid" (*Musical Miscellany*, *c.* 1729) 254
"Why is your faithful slave disdain'd" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 125
Widdow and a Rake, A Dialogue between, (*c.* 1720) . 217
Wife Hater, The (*c.* 1707) 151
WILFORD (JOHN) 187
"Will you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story" (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 132
Windsor Medley 262
Wit and Mirth (1682) 57, 59, 61, 62, 66
With a fadding, etc. (Refrain) 83
With a hum, hum, hum, hum (Refrain) 176
WRATH (THOMAS) 87

"Ye Jacks of the Town" (T. DURFEY, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719) 176

"Ye Virgins who do listen" (*c.* 1750). 267
Young man, remember delights are but vain (Tune) 45
Your courtiers scorn we country clowns (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707) 83

Merry Songs and Ballads

OLD SIMON THE KINGE

[*b.* 1575]

[This version from *Percy Folio Manuscript*, 1620-50, p. 519 *of MS.*; tune in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 143].

In an humor I was of late,
as many good fellowes bee
*tha*t thinke of no matter of state,
but thé keepe merry Companye:
*tha*t best might please my mind,
soe I walket vp & downe the towne,
but company none cold I ffind
till I came to the signe of the crowne.
mine ostes was sicke of the mumpes,
her mayd was ffisle att ease,
mine host lay drunke in his dumpes;
"they all had but one disease,"
sayes old simon the K*ing*, sayes old Simon the K*ing*,

*w*ith his ale-dropt hose, & his malmesy nose,
*w*ith a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, *w*ith a
hey ding, ding a ding, ding,
*w*ith a hey ding [ding,] q*uo*th Simon the king....

[When I beheld this sight,]
I straight began [to say,]
"if a man be ffull [o'ernight]
he cannott get d[runk to-day;]
& if his drinke w[ill not downe]
he may hang hims[elf for shame;]
soe may he mine h[ost of the Crowne.]
therfore this reason I [frame:]
ffor drinke will ma[ke a man drunke,]
& drunke will make [a man dry,]
& dry will make a man [sicke,]
& sicke will make a man dye,"
sayes old simon the K*ing*, sayes old Simon the
K*ing*,
*w*ith his ale-dropt hose, and his malmesy nose,
*w*ith a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, *w*ith a
hey ding, ding a ding, ding,
*w*ith a hey ding [ding,] q*uo*th Simon the king....

"But when a man is drunke to-day,
& laid in his grave to-morrow;
will any man dare to say
*tha*t hee dyed ffor Care or sorrowe?
but hang vp all sorrow and care!
itts able to kill a catt;

& he *that* will drinke till he stare,
is neuer a-feard of that;
ffor drinking will make a man quaffe,
& quaffing will make a man sing,
& singinge will make a man laffe,
& laug[h]ing long liffe will bringe,"
sais old Simon the *King*, sais old Simon the *King*,
with his ale-dropt hose, and his malmesy nose,
with a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, with a hey ding, ding a ding, ding,
with a hey ding [ding,] q*uo*th Simon the king. . . .

Iif a puritane skinker crye,
"deere brother, itt is a sinne
to drinke vnlesse you be drye;"
this tale I straight begin
"a puritan left his cann,
& tooke him to his iugge,
& there he playde the man
so long as he cold tugg;
but when *that* hee was spyed
when hee did sweare or rayle,
'my only deere brother,' hee sayd,
'truly all fflesh is ffrayle,'"
sais old Simon the *King*, sais old Simon the *King*,
with his ale-dropt hose, and his malmesy nose,
with a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, with a hey ding, ding a ding, ding,

*w*ith a hey ding [ding], q*uo*th Simon the king. . . .

Soe fellowes, if you be drunke,
  of ffrailtye itt is a sinne,
as itt is to keepe a puncke,
  or play att in and in;
ffor drinke, & dice, & drabbs,
  are all of this condityon,
they will breed want & scabbs
  in spite of they Phisityan.
but who feare[s] euery grasse,
  must neu*er* pisse in a meadow,
& who loues a pott & a lasse
  must not cry "oh my head, oh!"
sais old Simon the K*ing*, sais old Simon the K*ing*,
  *w*ith his ale-dropt hose, and his malmesy nose,
  *w*ith a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, *w*ith a hey ding, ding a ding, ding,
  *w*ith a hey ding [ding,] q*uo*th Simon the king. . . .

THE TURK IN LINEN

[1608]

[By THOMAS HEYWOOD in *Rape of Lucrece* (1608); this version from *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 383 *of MS.*].

The turke in Linen wrapps his head,
the persian his in lawne tooe,
the rushe with sables ffurres his cappe,
& change will not be drawen tooe.
the Spaynyards constant to his blocke,
the ffrench inconstant euer;
but of all ffelts *that* may be ffelt,
giue me the English beuer.

The German loues his connye well,
the Irishman his shagg tooe;
the welch his Monmouth loues to weare,
& of the same will bragg tooe.
some loue the rough, and some the smooth,
some great, & other small thinge;
but oh, *your* English Licorish man,
he loues to deale in all thinges!

The Rush drinkes Quash; Duche, lubickes beere,
& *that* is strong and mightye;
the Brittaine, he Metheglin Quaffes,
the Irish, Aqua vitæ;
the ffrench affects his orleance grape,
the spanyard tasts his sherrye;
the English none of these escapes,
but with them all makes merrye.

The Italyan, in her hye shapines,
Scot[c]h lasse, & louely ffroe tooe;
the Spanish don-a, ffrench Madam,
he will not ffeare to goe too:
nothing soe ffull of hazards dread,
nought liues aboue the center,
noe health, noe ffashyon, wine, nor wench,
your English dare not venter.

THE MAN THAT HATH

[15-0206]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 104 *of MS.*].

The man *that* hath a hansome wiffe
& keepes her as a treasure,
it is my cheefest ioy of liffe
to haue her to my pleasure;

But if *that* man regardless were
as tho he carde not for her,
tho shee were like to venus fayre,
in faith I wold abhor her.

If to doe good I were restrained,
& to doe euill bidden,
I wold be puritan, I sweare,
ffor I loue the thing forbidden.

It is the care *that* makes the theft;
none loues the thing forsaken;
the bold & willinge whore is left
when the modest wench is taken.

Shee dulle *that* is too forwards bent;
not good, but want, is reason;
fish at a feast, & flesh in lent,
are never out of season.

SEE THE BWILDINGE

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 56 *of MS.*].

See the building *wh*ich whilest my M*istress* liued
in was pleasures asseince!
see how it droopeth, & how Nakedly it looketh
w*ith*-out her p*re*sence!
heearke how the hollow winds doe blowe,
& how thé Murmer in every corner
for her being absent, from whence they cheefly
grow!
the cause *tha*t I doe now this greeffe & sorrow
showe.

See the garden where oft I had reward in
for my trew loue!
see the places where I enioyed those graces
they goddes might moue!
oft in this arbour, whiles that shee
w*i*th melting kisses disstilling blisses
through my frayle lipps, what Ioy did ravish me!
the pretty Nightingale did sing Melodiouslee.

Haile to those groves where wee inioyed our loues
soe many daies!
May *the* trees be springing, & the pretty burds
be singing
theire Roundelayes!
Oh! may the grasse be euer greene
wheron wee, lying, haue oft beene tryinge
More seuerall wayes of pleasure then loues queene,
w*hi*ch once in bedd w*i*th Mars by all the godds
was seene.
. . lling . . . . . .

[*half a page missing*]

COOKE LAURELL

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 182 *of MS.*: attributed to BEN JONSON (*d.* 1637); tune in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iv. 101].

Cooke Laurell wold needs have the devill his guest,
who came in his hole to the Peake to dinner,
Where neu*er* ffeend had such a feast
p*r*ovided him yet att the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie, he came thither coachet,
the Iogging itt made some crudityes ryse;
to helpe itt hee Called for a puritan pochet
that vsed to turne up the eggs of his eyes.

And soe recovered to his wish,
he sett him downe & fell to Meate;
Promooters in plumbe broth was his first dish,
his owne priuye kitchen had noe such meate.

Sixe pickeld taylors slasht & cutt,
W*i*th Sempsters & tire women ffitt for his pallatt,
W*i*th ffeathermen & p*er*fumers put
Some 12 in a charger, to make a graue sallett.

Yett thoe with this hee much was taken,
Upon a sudden hee shifted his trencher,
& soone he spyed the Baude & Bacon
by which you may know the devill is a wencher.

A rich ffatt vserer stewed in his Marrowe,
& by him a lawyers head in greene sawce,
both which his belly tooke in Like a barrowe
As if tell then he had neuer seene sowce.

Then, Carbonadoed & cooket with paynes,
was sett on a clouen sergeants face;
the sawce was made of his yeamans braynes,
that had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Tow roasted sherriffes came whole to the borde,—
the ffeast had beene nothing without them;—
both liuing & dead they were foxed & furred,
theire chaines like sawsinges hang about them.

The next dish was a Maior of a towne,
with a pudding of Maintenance [thrust] in his bellye,
like a goose in his fethers drest in his gowne,
& his couple of hinch boyes boyled to Iellye.

A London Cuckold hott from the spitt:
but when the Carver vpp had broke him,
the devill chopt up his head att a bitt,

but the hornes were verry neere like to haue
choakt him.

The chine of a leacher too there was roasted,
with a plumpe harlotts haunche & garlike;
a Panders petitoes *that* had boasted
himselfe for a Captaine, yet neu*er* was warlike.

A long ffatt pasty of a Midwiffe hot:
& for a cold baket meat into the storye,
a reu*er*end painted Lady was brought,
had beene confined in crust till shee was hooary.

To these an ou*er* worne justice of peace,
With a clarke like a gisarne trust vnder eche arme;
& warrants for sippitts laid in his owne grace,
Sett ore a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

Then broyled and broacht on a buchers pricke,
the kidney came in of a holy sister;
this bitt had almost made his devillshipp sicke,
that his doctor did feare he wold need a glister.

"ffor harke," q*uo*th hee, "how his bellye rumbles!"
& then with his pawe, *that* was a reacher,
hee puld to a pye of a traitors numbles,
& the gibbletts of a silent teacher.

The Iowle of a Iaylor was serued for a ffish,
with vinigar pist by the deane of Dustable;

tow aldermen lobsters a-sleepe in a dish,
with a dryed deputye & a sowcet constable.

These gott him soe feirce a stomacke againe,
that now he wants meate wheron to ffeeda:
he called for the victualls were drest for his traine,
and they brought him vp an alepotrida,

Wherin were mingled courtier, clowne,
tradsmen, marchants, banquerouts store,
Churchmen, Lawyers of either gowne,—
of civill, com*m*en,—player & whore,

Countess, servant, Ladyes, woman,
mistris, chambermaid, coachman, knight,
Lo*rd* & visher, groome & yeaman;
where first the ffeend with his forke did light.

All which devowred, he now for to close
doth for a draught of Derbye ale call.
he heaued the huge vessell vp to his nose,
& left not till hee had drunk vp all.

Then from the table hee gaue a start,
where banquett & wine were nothing scarce;
all which hee blew away with a ffartt,
from wence itt was called the Devills arse.

And there he made such a breach with the winde,
the hole yett standing open the while,

the sente of the vay[pour] hee left behind
hath since infected most p*art* of the Ile.

And this was tobbacco, the learned suppose,
w*hi*ch both in countrye, court and towne,
in the devills glister pipe smokes att the nose
of punke & Madam, gallant & clowne;

ffrom w*hi*ch wicked p*er*fume, swines flesh, and linge,
or any thing else he doth not loue,
p*re*serue & send our gracious king
such meate as he loues, I beseeche god aboue!

COME WANTON WENCHES

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 404 *of MS.*].

Come all you wanton wenches
  that longs to be in tradinge,
come learne of me, loues Mistris,
  to keepe *your* selues ffrom Iadeinge!
when you expose *your* ffaces,
  all baytes ffor to entrapp men,
then haue a care to husband *your* ware,
  that you proue not bankrout chapmen.
be not att ffirst to nice nor coye
  when gamsters you are courtinge,
  nor fforward to be sportinge;
in speeches ffree, not in action bee,
  for feare of lesse resortinge.

Let not *your* outward iesture
  b[e]rawy *your* inward passyon;
but seeme to neglect, when most you doe affect,
  in a cunning scornefull ffashyon.
be sparing of *your* ffavors
  when mens loue grow most Eagare;

yett keepe good guard, or else all is mared.
when they your ffort beleaugar;
grant but a touch or a kisse ffor a tast,
& seeme not to bee willinge
allwayes ffor to be billinge.
with a tuch or a pinch, or a nipp or a wrenche,
disapont their hopes ffullfillinge.

If once you growe to lauish,
and all your wealth discouer,
you cast of hope; for then with too much scope
you doe dull your Egar louer.
then order soe your treasure,
& soe dispend your store,
that tho men do tast, their loues may neuer wast,
but they still may hope for more.
& if by chance, beinge wrapt in a trance,
you yeeld them full ffruityon
won by strong opposityon,
yett nipp & teare, and with poutinge sweare
'twas against your dispositYon.

Thus seeminge much displeased
with that did most content,
you whett desire, & daylae add fire
to a spiritt almost spent.
be sure att the next encounter
you put your loue to striue;
yett be not rude, if need he will intrude,

soe shall your trading thriue,
soe shall you still be ffreshlye woed,
like to a perfect mayd.
& doe as I haue sayd,
your ffaininge seemes true,
& like venus euer new,
and your trading is not betrayd.

LOUERS HEA[R]KE ALARUM

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 459 *of MS.*].

Louers: harke! an alarum is sounding: now loue cryes;
who-soe feares, or in ffaintnesse abounding, will surprise.
O then, on! charge them home! if you delay yo*ur* time,
yo*ur* hopes will ffaile;
these ffair ffoes yeelding lookes doe bewray their harts
as yo*urs*, more then their owne.

If they striue, itts a tricke ffor a triull who is most bold.
No braue man ffor a silly denyall will grow cold;
None but ffooles fflinch ffor noe, when a I by no is ment
in louing scance;
On then, & charge them home! p*er*chance you may soe put them
ffrom their ffence.

Downe, Downe with them! o, how thé tremble
for *the* crye!
what, for feare? no! no! no! they dissemble;
they know why.
Quickly woone, Quickly lost, the delight of life is lost,
procured with paines.
These respects makes them bold to fight, to Cry, to
dye,
to liue againe.

I CANNOTT BEE CONTENTED

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 460 *of MS.*].

I cannot be contented
ffrom loue to be absented.
although I were p*re*sented,
  Ile haue another bout;
I know shee is vnwilling
to heare of all the skillinge;
shee rather had bee lilling,
  if I I could ffind her out.

but if *tha*t time & lesure serue,
infaith shee shall not neede to sterue;
ffor well I know shee doth deserue
  to tast vpon sweet Nectair,
the ffoode wheron the gods do ffeede,
& all they gods they haue decreede.
but shee shall haue itt att her neede!
  hey hoe! my harte is wearye!

Some say, 'if I come nye her,
my liffe must pay the hyer;'

but if I scape ffrom ffyer,
  then let them doe their worst;
for water, I am sure,
while grinding doth endure,
will come like hawke to lure,
  or else the Miller is curst.

looke in the dam, & you may spye
heere is soe much *that* some runs by;
there neu*er* came a yeere soe drye
  cold keepe this Mill ffrom grindinge.
yett shee no com*m*on Miller is;
shee does not grind eche plowmans gris;
she needs not, vnless shee list,
  but ffor sweet recreation.

LILLUMWHAM

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 461 *of MS.*].

The maid, shee went to the well to washe,
  Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
the mayd shee went to the well to washe,
  whatt then? what then?
the maid shee went to the well to washe;
dew ffell of her lilly white fleshe;
  Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
  driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

White shee washee, & white shee ronge,
  Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
White shee washee, and white shee ronge,
  whatt then? what then?
White shee washee, and white shee ronge,
white shee hangd o the hazle wand,
  Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
  driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

There came an old Palmer by the way,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
There came an old Palmer by the way,
whatt then? what then?
There came an old Palmer by the way,
sais, "god speed thee well thou faire maid!"
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"Hast either Cupp or can—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
"Hast either Cupp or can—
whatt then? what then?
"Hast either Cupp or can—
to giue an old palmer drinke therin?"
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

sayes, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
sayes, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann—
whatt then? what then?
sayes, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann—
to giue an old Palmer drinke therin."
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"But an thy Lem*m*an came from Roome,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
"But an thy Lem*m*an came from Roome,
whatt then? what then?
"But an thy Lem*m*an came from Roome,
Cupps & canns thou wold ffind soone."
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

Shee sware by god & good St. Iohn,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
Shee sware by god and good St. Iohn,
whatt then? what then?
Shee sware by god and good St. Iohn,
Lemman had shee a neuer none;
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

Saies, "peace, ffaire mayd! you are fforsworne!
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
Saies, "peace, ffaire maid! you are fforsworne!
whatt then? what then?
Saies, "peace, ffaire maid! you are fforsworne!
Nine children you haue borne;
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"They were buryed vnder thy beds head;—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
"They were buryed vnder thy beds head;—
whatt then? what then?
"They were buryed vnder thy beds head;—
other three vnder thy brewing leade;
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"Other three on won play greene,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
"Other three on won play greene,
whatt then? what then?
"Other three on won play greene,
Count, maids, & there be 9."
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"But I hope you are the good old man—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
"But I hope you are the good old man—
whatt then? what then?
"But I hope you are the good old man—
That all the world beleeues vpon;
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"Old Palmer, I pray thee,—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
"Old Palmer, I pray thee,—
whatt then? what then?
"Old Palmer, I pray thee,—
Pennaunce *that* thou wilt giue to me."
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"Penance I can giue thee none,—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
"Penance I can giue thee none,—
whatt then? what then?
"Penance I can giue thee none,—
but 7 yeere to be a stepping stone;
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"Other seauen a clapper in a bell,—
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!—
"Other seauen a clapper in a bell,—
whatt then? what then?
"Other seauen a clapper in a bell,—
Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

"When thou hast thy penance done,
Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
"when thou hast thy penance done,
whatt then? what then?
"when thou hast thy penance done,
then thoust come a mayden home."
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye!
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoop, whir!
driuance, larumben, Grandam boy, heye!

LAST NIGHT I THOUGHT

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 463 *of MS.*].

Last night I thought my true loue I caught;
when I waket, in my armes I mist her;
my sleepe I renued, & my dreame I pursued;
till I ffound out my loue, & I kist her.
but if such delights belong to the nights,
when the head hath Phebus in keepinge,
how is he blest with content in his rest
that can ffind but his M*istress* sleepinge?

If shadowes can make the braines for to ake,
when the spirritts haue their reposes,
the substance hath power to proue & p*ro*cure
all the pleasures *that* loues incloses.
Nights sable shroud, with her bonny cloude,
will defend thee from Tytanus peepinge,
& helpe thee to shade all the shiffts thou hast made
ffor to find out thy M*istress* sleepinge.

Then since the aid of the Cynthian mayd.
doth assist vs with her endeauour;

light to the moone till the suffering be done;
shees a ffreind to the ffaithfful euer.
though shee denyes, shee pishes & shee cryes,
leaue not thou of ffor her weepinge;
ffor if shee ffind *that* affectyon be kinde,
shees thine owne, boy, awake or sleepinge!

PANDERS, COME AWAYE

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 486 *of MS.*].

Panders, come away!
bring fforth your whores by Clusters
alongst the Lane, by Gray,
wheere Cupid keepes his musters
now to-day!

whenches, doe you heare? I tell you not a ffable;
all you *that* doe appeare, & be not warrantable,
heele Casheere!

As for Nan: wright, though her dealings may compare h[er;]
yett, for her parts below, theres not a woman ffairer
to the showe.

Litle Ales is found 7 yeeres to haue been a trader;
yett Tom Todd wilbe bound, whom as they say did spade h[er,]
that shees sound.

Gardens neere the worss, though shee hath made
her Co[ney]
as com*m*on as the Bursse; yett still shee hath they
money
in her pursse.

Boulton is put by, & Luce, among the infected;
& ffranke Todd goeth a-wry, being before detected
to be drye.

Pitts is to forbeare the trade, & soe is likwise
Pearnit;
for Cupid in his eare, is told *tha*t they haue had itt
to a haire.

True itt is *tha*t Babe for yeeres may be a virgin;
yett Cupid ffinds the drabb, al ready for a surgyon
for the scabb.

Southewells! beare in mind, althoug they are ffalse
doers,
they say *tha*t you are blind, & soe p*er*happs
more ffauors
you doe ffind.

winlowe is to young, to know the ffruits of wooinge
till nott haue made her strong, to know the ffruits
as doei[nge]
to to Longe.

Gallants, come not neare to braue VENETIA stanley!
her *Lord* hath placed her there, *that* will maintaine
her ma[nly]
without ffeare.

Hayseys, stoupe soe long, to Cupid for aquittance,
till euidence soe strong, will speake for *your* indit-
men[t.]

. . . . ce & Iames, Cupid will haue you
armed;
for with his hottest fflames he hath them soundlye
warmed;
marke their names!

Nan: Iames is growne soe Coy, *that* no man can
endure her;
yett I haue heard some say, a barbers boy did
cure her
of a toye.

But with the wicked sire, *that* yett was neuer
thought on,
by quenching of loues ffire, hath tane away Besse
BROUGHTON
one desire.

Its ill *that* simix rydes, Iane selbe doth oppresse her;
with other more besides, vnlesse there were a dresser
of their hyds.

Beunkards, how yee speed, tis shrewdly to be
ffeared;
yee cannott aske to reade, soe oft you haue beene
seared
ffor the deede.

ffoulgam will appeale, from Cupid, as men gather,
or in her wandring taile, hath beene her holy
father;
hees her bayle.

Dodson is not ill, yeett hath shee beene a deale-her;
the falt was in his skill, who knew not how to appease
her
with his quill.

her husband saies shee[s] nought, I thinke an honest
woman
by Lewdnesse may be brought, to be like others,
com*m*on,
being sought.

Ales Bradshaw is fforgott, the Cittye *that* ingrost her;
but happy is his lott, *that* neu*er* did arrest her,
for shee is hott.

Cittye wiues, they say, doe occupye by Charter;
but Cupid grant they may, *that* ware for-ware the
barter
without pay.

Ladyes name wee none, nor yett no Ladyes women
yo*ur* honors may begone; ffor Cœsars loue will
sum*m*on
you alone.

But because *tha*t some will not allow the order,
to morefeelds see you Come, yo*ur* Maio*ur* and
yo*ur* recorder
w*i*th a drum.

Thus farwell, yee whores, yee hackneys and yee
harlotts!
ome neare my walkes no more, but get you to
yo*ur* varletts
as before!

My hart shall ay disdaine, to thinke of such pore
blisses;
my lipps shall eke the same, to touch w*i*th breathing
kisses
yours againe.

Thus here ends my song, made only to be merrye:
If I offend in toung, in hart I shalbe sorry
ffor the wrong.

A DAINTY DUCKE

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 487 *of MS.*].

A dainty ducke I Chanced to meete;
shee wondered what I wold doe,
& curteously shee did mee greete
as an honest woman shold doe.

I asked her if shee wold drinke;
shee wondered what I wold doe,
shee answered me with sober winke,
as an honest woman shold doe.

I tooke . . . . . .

[*A leaf is gone here in the MS., containing, among other things perhaps, the beginning of "The Spanish Lady"*].

TOM LONGE

[1620-50]

[*Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 508 *of MS.*].

Come in, Tom longtayle, come short hose & round,
Come ffatt gutts & slender, and all to be ffound,
Come fflatt Capp and ffether, and all to be found,
Strike home thy pipe, TOM Longe.

Come lowcy, come laced shirt, come damm me, come [ruffe!]
Come holy geneua, a thing with-out Cuffe,
Come dughtye dom diego, with LINENS enough,
Strike home thy pipe, TOM Longe.

Bring a fface out of England, a backe out of fran[ce,]
A belly ffrom fflanders, come all in a dance!
pinn buttockes of Spayne, aduance! aduance!
Strike home thy pipe, TOM Longe.

Come bring in a wench shall ffitt euery natyon,
ffor shape & ffor makeing, a Taylors creatyon,

& new made againe to ffitt euery natyon.
Strike home thy pipe, Tom Longe.

Come tricke itt, and tire itt, in anticke array!
Come trim itt, and trosse itt, and make vp the day,
for Tom & nell, nicke and Gill, make vp the hay!
Strike home thy pipe, Tom Longe.

A health to all Captaines *that* neu*er* was in warres,
*that*s knowne by their Scarletts, & not by their scarres!
a health to all Ladyes that neuer used Merkin,
yett their stuffe ruffles like Buff lether ierkin!
Strike home thy pipe, Tom Longe.

A health to all Courtiers *that* neuer bend knees!
& a health to all schollers *that* scornes their degrees!
a health to all Lawyers *that* neuer tooke ffees!
& a health to all welchemen *that* loues tosted Cheese!
Strike home the pipe, Tom Long!

CUCKOLD'S HAVEN

OR

The Marry'd man's miserie, who must abide
The penaltie of being Hornify'd:
Hee unto his neighbours doth make his case knowne,
And tels them all plainly, The case is their owne.

[1620-55]

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, i. 46, 47; tune, *The Spanish Gipsie*, in *Pop. Music*, i. 273].

Come, Neighbours, follow me,
that Cuckollized be,
That all the Towne may see
our slauish miserie:
Let euery man that keeps a Bride
take heed hee bee not hornify'd.

Though narrowly I doe watch,
and vse Lock, Bolt, and Latch,
My wife will me o'rematch,
my forehead I may scratch:
For though I wait both time and tide,
I oftentimes am hornify'd.

For now the time's so growne,
men cannot keepe their owne,
But euery slaue, vnknowne,
will reape what we haue sowne:
Yea, though we keep them by our side,
we now and then are hornify'd.

They haue so many wayes
by nights or else by dayes,
That though our wealth decayes,
yet they our hornes will raise:
And many of them take a pride
to keepe their husbands hornify'd.

O what a case is this
O what a griefe it is
My wife hath learn'd to Kisse,
And thinkes 'tis not amisse:
Shee oftentimes doth me deride,
and tels me I am hornify'd.

What euer I doe say,
shee will haue her owne way;
Shee scorneth to obey;
Shee'll take time while she may;
And if I beate her back and side,
In spight I shall be hornify'd.

Nay, you would little thinke
how they will friendly link,

And how they'l sit and drink
till they begin to wink:
And then if Vulcan will but ride,
Some Cuckold shall be hornify'd.

A woman that will be drunk,
will eas'ly play the Punck;
For when her wits are sunk
all keyes will fit her Trunk:
Then by experience oft is tride,
poore men that way are hornify'd.

Thus honest men must beare,
and 'tis in vaine to feare,
For we are ne're the neare
our hearts with griefe to teare:
For while we mourne, it is their pride
the more to keepe vs hornify'd.

And be we great or small,
we must be at their call;
How e're the Cards doe fall,
we men must suffer all:
Doe what we can we must abide
the paine of being hornify'd.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE

If they once bid vs goe,
wee dare not twice say no,

Although too well we know
'Tis to our griefe and woe:
Nay we are glad their faults to hide,
though often we are hornify'd.

If I my wife prouoke
with words in anger spoke,
Shee sweares shee'll make all smoke,
and I must be her Cloake:
Her basenesse and my wrongs I hide,
and patiently am hornify'd.

When these good Gossips meet
In Alley, Lane, or Street,
(Poore men, we doe not see't!)
with Wine and Sugar sweet,
They arme themselues, and then, beside,
their husbands must be hornify'd.

Not your Italian Locks
(which seemes a Paradox)
Can keepe these Hens from Cocks,
till they are paid with a P——
So long as they can goe or ride,
They'l haue their husbands hornify'd.

The more you haue intent
the business to preuent,

The more her mind is bent
your will to circumuent:
Such secret meanes they can prouide
to get their husbands hornify'd.

For if we them doe blame,
or tell them of their shame,—
Although the men we name
with whom they did the same:
They'l sweare who euer spake it ly'd.
Thus still poore men are hornify'd.

All you that single be
avoid this slauery,
Much danger is you see,
in women's company;
For he who to a Wife is ty'd
may looke still to be hornify'd.

Yet must I needes confesse
(though many doe transgresse)
A number, numberlesse
which virtue doe possesse,
And to their Husbands are a guide,
by such no man is hornify'd.

They who are of that race,
this Ditie in any case,

Is not to their disgrace,
they are not for this place:
To such this onely is apply'd
by whom good men are hornify'd.

THE INDUSTRIOUS SMITH

The industrious Smith, wherin is showne
How plain dealing is overthrown;
That let a man do the best that he may,
An idle huswife will work his decay,
Yet art is no burthen, though ill we may speed,
Our labour will help us in time of our need.

[1635]

[From *Roxburgh Ballads*, i. 158, 159; by HUMPHREY CROUCH; tune, *Young man, remember delights are but vain*].

There was a poor Smith liv'd in a poor town,
That had a loving wife bonny and brown,
And though he were very discreet and wise,
Yet would he do nothing without her advise,
His stock it grew low, full well he did know;
He told his wife what he intended to do;
Quoth he, Sweet wife, if I can prevail,
I will shoo horses, and thou shalt sell Ale.

I see by my labour but little I thrive,
And that against the stream I do strive;
By selling of Ale some mony is got,
If every man honestly pay for his pot:

By this we may keep the Wolf from the door,
And live in good fashion, though now we live poor;
If we have good custome we shal have quick sale;
So may we live bravely by selling of Ale.

Kind husband, quoth she, let it be as you said,
It is the best motion that ever you made;
A Stan of good Ale, let me have in,
A dozen of good white bread in my Bin:
Tobacco, likewise, we must not forget,
Men will call for it when malt's above wheat:
When once it is known, then ore hill and dale
Men will come flocking to taste of our Ale.

They sent for a wench, her name it was *Besse*,
And her they hired to welcome their ghesse,
They took in good Ale, and many things mo,
The Smith had got him two strings to his bow:
Good fellows come in, and began for to rore,
The Smith he was never so troubled before;
But, quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.

The Smith went to his work every day,
But still one or other would call him away;
For now he had got him the name of an Host,
It cost him many a pot and a toste,
Besides much precious time he now lost,
And thus the poor Smith was every day crost;

But, quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.

Men run on the score and little they paid,
Which made the poor Smith be greatly dismaid;
And bonny Besse though she were not slack,
To welcom her guesse, yet things went to wrack
For she would exchange a pot for a kisse,
Which any fellow should seldom times misse.
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart, do not rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.

The Smith went abroad at length hee came home,
And found his maid and man in a room
Both drinking together foot to foot,
To speak unto them he thought 'twas no boot,
For they were both drunk and could not reply
To make an excuse as big as a lye.
But, quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

He came home again and there he did see
His Wife kindly sitting on a man's knee,
And though he said little, yet he thought the more,
And who could blame the poore Wittal therfore.
He hugd her and kist her though Vulcan stood by,
Which made him to grumble, and look all awry,
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE

A Sort of Saylers were drinking one night,
And when they were drunk began for to fight,
The Smith came to part them, as some do report,
And for his good will he was beat in such sort,
That he could not lift his arms to his head,
Nor yet very hardly creep up to his bed.
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith by chance a good fellow had met,
That for strong Ale was much in his debt,
He askt him for mony, quoth he by your leave,
I owe you no mony, nor none you shall have,
I owe to your wife, and her I will pay,
Alas, who could blame him if now he do rayl,
These things should not be though they sold Ale.

Old debts must be paid, O why should they not,
The fellow went home to pay the old shot,
The Smith followed after and they fell at strife
For he found the fellow in bed with his Wife.
He fretted and fumed, he curst, and he swore,
Quoth she, he is come to pay the old score.
And still she cryde, good sweet hart, do not rayl,
For these things must be if we sell Ale.

A stock of good fellows, all Smiths by their trade,
Within a while after a holiday made;
Unto the Smiths house they came then with speed,
And there they were wondrous merry indeed,
With my pot and thy pot, to rayse the score hier,
Mine Oast was so drunk he fell in the fire:
But, quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Mine Oast being drunk, and loose in his joynts,
He took an occasion to untrusse his points,
The vault it was nere, but borded but slight,
The Smith he was heavy, and could not tred light,
The bords broke asunder, and down he fell in,
It was a worse matter then breaking his shin,
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Happy is he who, when he doth stumble,
Knowes the ground well before he do tumble,
But so did not he, for he had forgotten
The bords which he trod on were so [very] rotten,
He mov'd the house to mirth and to laughter,
His clothes they stunk at least a month after,
But, quoth the good Wife, sweet hart, do not rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.

But men ran so much with him on the score,
That Vulcan at last grew wondrous poor,

He ow'd the Brewer and Baker so much,
They thretned to arrest him his case it was such,
He went to his Anvill, to my pot and thine,
He turn'd out his Maid, he puld down his Signe;
But O (quoth the good Wife), why should we fail,
These things should not be if we sell Ale.

The Smith and his boy went to work for some chink,
To pay for the liquor which others did drink.
Of all trades in London, few break as I heare,
That sell Tobacco, strong Ale, and good Beer.
They might have done better, but they were loth,
To fill up their measure with nothing but froth.
Let no Ale-house keeper at my song rayl,
These things must be if they sell Ale.

"LIE STILL MY DEAR"

[1650]

[From *The Academy of Complements*, p. 194; tune, *Loth to Depart* (CHAPPELL'S *Pop. Music*, 173)].

Lie still my deer, why dost thou rise?
The light that shines comes from thine eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
Oh stay! or else my joyes will dye,
Or perish in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day, what if it be?
Wilt thou therefore arise from me?
Did we lie down because of night?
And shall we rise for fear of light?
No, since in darkness we came hither,
In spighte of light we'l lye together.
Oh let me dye on thy sweet breast,
Far sweeter then the Phœnix nest.

"HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO DISCOVER"

[1674]

[From *Bristol Drollery*, p. 5].

How pleasant it is to discover
  In the Mistriss you love and adore,
The coming regards of a Lover,
  She made you despair of before.

At first with coy looks and disdain,
  She paid all your sighs and addresses;
But now that she pities your pain,
  Her alter'd demeanor confesses.

Then oh! what a Joy 'tis to find,
  At length that her pity improves,
To a passion so true and so kind,
  As is next consummation of Loves.

Whilst you ply her with warmer caresses,
  And close as a Lover do's use
To fetter a Miss in Embraces,
  Till she cannot tell how to refuse.

"ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING"

[1678]

[Words by DURFEY in *Trick for Trick;* music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 179].

Abroad as I was walking, upon a Summer's day,
There I met a Beggar-woman cloathed all in Gray;
Her Cloaths they were so torn, you might have seen her Skin,
She was the first that taught me to see the Golin,
Ah, see the Golin my Jo! see the Golin.

You Youngsters of Delight, pray take it not in scorn,
She came of Adam's Seed, tho' she was basely born;
And tho' her Cloaths were torn, yet she had a Milk-white Skin,
She was the first that taught me, &c.

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moist Hand,
With which she might compare to any Lady in the Land;
Ruby Lips, Cherry-cheeks, and a dimpled Chin,
She was the first that taught me, &c.

When that Ay had wooed, and wad her twa
my will,
Ay could not then devise the way to keep her
Baby still;
She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not
a pin,
She was the first that taught me, &c.

Then she takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel
in cloaths,
And then she takes a Golin and stuck between
her Toes;
And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,
She shook her Foot, and cry'd my Jo, see the Golin:
And see the Golin, my Jo, see the Golin.

THE LUCKY MINUTE

[*b.* 1680]

[By the EARL OF ROCHESTER: published (*c.* 1770) as a broadside song with music].

As Chloris full of harmless Thought,
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain;
She felt a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Oh Youth! said she, what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?
Oh! let me——for, unless you please,
I have no Pow'r to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he shou'd comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lie.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

THE WEST-COUNTRYMAN'S SONG ON A WEDDING

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth* (1682), p. 133; tune in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 278].

Od's hartly wounds, Iz'e not to Plowing, not I Sir,
Because I hear there's such brave doings hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minstril, he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
And they talk, there will be two or three more, Sir;
Who the Rat can mind, either Bayard or Ball Sir,
O rany thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking i'th Hall, Sir.
E'gad not I, let Master fret it, and storm it,
I am resolv'd: I'm sure there can be no harm in't:
Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Pages,
And pretty little Sue, so true, when she ever engages;
E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

There's my Lord has got the curiousest Daughter,
Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water.

This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
Some veed her, some to dresse her and clout her:
Ud's-bud, she's grown the featest, the neatest, the sweetest
The pritty littles't rogue, and all men do say the discreetest
There's ne're a Girl that wears a Head in the Nation,
But must give place zince Mrs. *Betty's* Creation:
She's so good, so witty, so pretty to please ye,
Zo charitable, kind, zo courteous & loving, and easie;
That I'le be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town, can e're send down zuch another.

Next my Lady, in all her gallant Apparel,
Iz'e not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
There's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
'Twill make a vool of Sack, or White-wine, or Clarret;
And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows
May tipple off their cups, until they lye down on their Pillows;
Then hit off thy vrock, and don't stand scratching thy head zo,
For thither I'll go, Cod's—because I have said so.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND UPON HIS MARRIAGE

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth*, p. 104].

To Friend and to Foe, to all that I know
That to marriage Estate do prepare,
Remember your days in several ways
Are troubled with sorrow and care:
For he that doth look in the Married mans book
And read but his *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come, at length to a sum
Which shall empty Purse, Pocket and Coffer.

In the pastimes of Love when their labours do prove,
And the fruit begineth to kick,
For this and for that, and I know not for what,
The Woman must have or be sick;
There's *Item* set down for a loos-bodyed Gown,
In her longings you must not deceive her;
For a Bodkin a Ring, or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf or a Beaver.

Deliver'd and well, who is't cannot tell
  Thus while the child lyes at Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine, and Gossips so fine,
  And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple;
There's *Item* I hope for Water and Sope,
  There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
For better for worse, there's *Item* for Nurse
  The Baby to dress and to dandle.

When swadled in lap, There's *Item* for pap,
  And *Item* for Pot, Pan and Ladle;
A Coral with Bells, which custom compels,
  And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle;
With twenty odd knacks which the little one lacks,
  And thus doth thy pleasure bewray thee:
But this is the sport in Country and Court,
  Then let not these pastimes betray thee.

CHARMING CELIA LYES UPON HER BRIDAL BED

[1682]

[Catch in *Wit and Mirth*, p. 118; tune, *Christ Church Bells*].

See how Charming Celia lyes upon her
Bridal bed;
There's no such Beauty at Court,
She's fit for the sport;
And she looks so lovely white and red,
After the first and second time.
The Bridegroom gin's to slack his pace,
But the cry's come, come, come to me;
And lay thy Cheek close to my face.
Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the Bell to the Bed,
whilest common time they keep:
With a parting kiss
They end their bliss,
And so retire to sleep.

THE GELDING OF THE DEVIL BY DICK THE BAKER OF MANSFIELD TOWN

[1682]

[From *Wit and Mirth* (1682), p. 40; tune in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 147].

Now listen a while, and I will tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,
To Manchester Market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
This Baker rid on with a merry Cheer:
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,
Because his Stones were cut away:
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be:
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree,
And with thy Knife come and geld me;

The Baker had a Knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell,
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of Stones:
The Baker being lighted from his Horse,
Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil, beshrow thy Heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this same Day seven-night.
The Baker hearing the Words he said,
Within his Heart was sore afraid,
He hield him to the next Market Town,
To sell his Bread both white and brown.

And when the Market was done that Day,
The Baker went home another way,
Unto his Wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Nay, a wondrous Word I heard him say,
He would geld me the next Market Day;
Therefore Wife I stand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth she, thy Knaves Eyes were out.

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone;
Than for to lose any manner of Stone,
For why, 'twill be a loathsome thing,
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding.

Thus they continu'd both in Fear,
Until the next Market Day drew near;
Well, quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,
And I like a Man to the Market will go;
Then up she got her all in hast,
With all her Bread upon her Beast.
And when she came to the Hill side,
There she saw two Devils abide,
A little Devil and another,
Lay playing under the Hill side together.

Oh! quoth the Devil, without any fain,
Yonder comes the Baker again;
Beest thou well Baker, or beest thou woe,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go:
These were the Words the Woman did say,
Good Sir, I was gelded but Yesterday;
Oh! quoth the Devil, that I will see,
And he pluckt her Cloaths above her Knee.

And looking upwards from the Ground,
There he spied a grievous Wound;
Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
For he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut away the Stones clean,
He should have sowed up the Hole again;

He called the little Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that same Man.

Whilst he went into some private place,
To fetch some Salve in a little space;
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her Belly there crept a Flea:
The little Devil he soon espy'd that,
He up with his Paw and gave her a pat:
With that the Woman began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible Fart.

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come
again I pray,
For here's another hole broke, by my fay;
The great Devil he came running in hast,
VVherein his Heart was sore aghast:
Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not sound,
Thou stinkest so sore above the Ground,
Thy Live Days sure cannot be long,
Thy Breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.

The Hole is cut so near the Bone,
There is no Salve can stick thereon,
And therefore, Baker, I stand in doubt,
That all thy Bowels will fall out;
Therefore Baker, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

"AS I WENT OVER TAWNY MARSH"

[1682]

[A Catch in *Wit and Mirth* (1682), p. 14].

As I went over Tawny Marsh,
There I met with a Tawny Lass:
  Tawny Hose, and Tawny Shoon,
  Tawny Petticoat, Tawny Gown.
Tawny Brow, and Tawny Face;
Thy Tawny Nose in her Tawny A——

THE LIBERTINE

[1683]

[DURFEY, *Songs*, p. 72; tune, FARMER'S *Maggot*].

Whilst Love Predominates over our Souls,
A Pox on Counsel from tedious Old Fools;
Reproofs of the Church-men but whet us the more,
Whilst liberty Teaches,
And appetite Preaches,
No wealth like a Bottle, no joy like a Wh——
Long Tales of Heav'n to fools are given,
But we put in pleasure to make the Scale even;
Thus Kissing, and Wenching, and Drinking brave Boys,
We drive out Collicks
By nightly Frolicks,
And drown short Life in a Deluge of Joys.

We choose our Misses by goodness of Face,
And hate your formal Fops like a long Grace;
The Minions of Fortune we slight and reprove,
'Tis she's the Fairy,
That proves most Airy,
And Courts our acquaintance with passion and love:

Let the Zealous Mizer think he is wiser,
That late kept a Wench, but now is preciser;
Whilst we sit and Revel here free from mishaps,
With Girls as willing
As we for a Shilling,
And fear nought, but Duns, bad Clarret and Claps.

THE RAPTURE

[1683]

[From DURFEY'S *Songs*, p. 37; set by Mr. THOS. FARMER].

As on Serena's panting Breast
The happy Strephon lay,
With Love and Beauty doubly blest
He past the hours away:
Fierce Raptures of transporting Love,
And pleasure struck him dumb,
He envied not the pow'rs above,
Nor all the joys to come.

As painful Bees far off do rove,
To bring their Treasure home,
So *Strephon* rang'd the Field of Love,
To make his honny Comb;
Her Ruby lips he suckt and prest,
From whence all sweets derive,
Then buzzing round her snowy Breast;
Soon crept into the hive.

THE MODERATE MAN

[1705]

[Words by T. DURFEY, music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 7].

A Tory, a Whig, and a Moderate Man,
O'er a Tub of strong Ale
Met, in Ailesbury Vale,
Where there liv'd a plump Lass they call'd buxom Nan:
The Tory a Londoner proud and high,
The Whig was a Tradesman plaguy sly;
The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry,
And thus they their Suit began:
Pretty Nancy we're come to put in our Claim,
Resolv'd upon Wedlocks pleasing Game;
Here's Jacob the Big,
And William the Whig,
And Roger the Grigg,
Jolly Lads, as e'er were buckled in Girdle fast;
Say which you will chuse,
To tye with a Noose,
For a Wife we must carry what e'er comes on't,
Then think upon't,

You'll never be sorry when y'have don't,
Nor like us the worse for our Wooing so blunt,
Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lass who was not of the motion shy,
The ripe Years of her Life
Being Twenty and Five:
To the Words of her Lover straight made reply,
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Coppy-hold;
And since Fortune favours the brisk and the bold,
One of ye I mean to try.
But I am not for you nor S——'s Cause,
Nor you with your H——y's Hums and Hawes;
No Jacob the Bigg,
Nor William the Whigg,
But Roger the Grigg,
With his Mirth and mildness happily please me can;
'Tis him I will choose,
For th' Conjugal Noose;
So that you the Church Bully may rave and rant,
And you may Cant,
'Till both are Impeacht in Parliament;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want,
So I'm for the Moderate Man.

"I SAW THE LASS WHOM DEAR I LOV'D"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 225, with music].

I Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd,
Long sighing and complaining,
While me she shunn'd and disapprov'd,
Another entertaining:
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No Favour she refus'd him;
Judge how unkind she was to me,
While she so kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby press'd;
A Bliss worth Kings desiring;
Ten thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,
The snowy Mounts admiring
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such Passion mov'd him;
She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
To shew she well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
And swell'd my Heart with Passion;

Which like my Love could not be tam'd,
  Nor had Consideration:
I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair,
  On my hard Fate complaining;
That plung'd me into deep Despair,
  Because of her Disdaining.

Ah, cruel *Moggy!* then I cry'd,
  Will not my Sorrows move you?
Or if my Love must be deny'd,
  Yet give me leave to love you:
And then frown on, and still be coy,
  Your constant Swain despising;
For 'tis but just you should destroy,
  What is not worth your Prizing.

THE HIDE-PARK FROLICK

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 139, with music].

One Evening a little before it was dark,
sing, tan tara rara tan-tivee;
I call'd for my Gelding, and rid to *Hide-park*,
on tan tara, rara tan-tivee;
It was in the merry Month of *May*,
When Meadows and Fields were gaudy and Gay,
And Flowers apparell'd as bright as the Day,
I got upon my Tan-tivee.

The *Park* shone brighter than the Skies,
sing tan tara, rara Tan-tivee,
With Jewels and Gold, and Ladies Eyes,
that sparkled, and cry'd, come see me;
Of all parts of *England*, *Hide-park* hath the Name,
For Coaches and Horses and Persons of Fame,
It looked at first sight like a Field full of Flame,
Which made me Ride up Tan-tivee.

There hath not been such sight since *Adam's*,
for Perriwig, Ribbond, and Feather,

Hide-park may be term'd the Market of Madams,
or, *Lady-Fair,* chuse you whither:
Their Gowns were a Yard too long for their Legs,
They shew'd like the Rain-bow cut into Rags,
A Garden of Flowers, or a Navy of Flags,
When they did all mingle together.

Among all these Ladies, I singled out one,
to prattle of Love and Folly;
I found her not Coy, but jovial as *Joan,*
or *Betty,* or *Marget,* or *Molly:*
With honours and Love, and stories of Chances,
My Spirits did move, and my Blood she advances,
With Twenty *Quadundrums,* and Fifty Five Fancies,
I'd have been at her Tan-tivee.

We talk'd away time until it grew dark,
the Place did begin to grow privy;
For Gallants began to draw out of the Park,
to their Horses did gallop Tan-tivee:
But finding my Courage a little to come,
I sent my Bay Gelding away by the Groom,
And proffer'd my Service to wait on her Home,
In her Coach we went both Tan-tivee.

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her strait-lac'd,
she cry'd I shall never believe ye;
This Arm full of Sattin I bravely embrac'd,
and fain would have been at Tan-tivee:

Her Lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,
And like a bold Archer, I aim'd at the White,
Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee.

With many Denials she yielded at last,
her Chamber being wondrous privy,
That I all the Night there might have my repast,
to run at the Ring Tan-tivee.
I put off my Cloaths, and I tumbled to Bed,
She went to her Closet to dress up her Head,
But I peep'd in the Key-hole to see what she did,
Which put me quite beside my Tan-tivee.

She took off her Head-tire, and shew'd her bald Pate,
Her Cunning did very much grieve me,
Thought I to my self, if it were not so late,
I would home to my Lodgings believe me.
Her Hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hag,
Her bald-pate did look like an *Ostrich's* Egg,
This Lady (thought I) is as right as my Leg,
She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which did unto amazement drive me;
She put up her Finger, and out dropt her Eye,
I pray'd that some Power would relieve me:
But now my resolves was never to trouble her,
Or venture my Carcase with such a blind Hobler,

She look'd with One Eye, just like *Hewson* the
Cobler,
When he us'd to Ride Tan-tivee.

I peep'd, and was still more perplexed therewith,
Thought I, tho't be Midnight I'll leave thee;
She fetch'd a yawn, and out fell her Teeth,
This Quean had intents to deceive me:
She drew out her Handkerchief as I suppose,
To wipe her high Fore-head, off dropt her Nose,
Which made me run quickly and put on my Hose,
The Devil is in my Tan-tivee.

She washt all the Paint from her Visage, and then
She look'd just (if you will believe me)
Like a *Lancashire Witch* of Four score and Ten,
And as the Devil did drive me:
I put on my Cloaths, and cry'd Witches and Whores,
I tumbl'd down Stairs, broke open the Doors,
And down to my Country again to my Boors,
Next Morning I rid Tan-tivee.

You *North*-Country Gallants that live pleasant Lives,
Let not Curiosity drive ye;
To leave the fresh Air, and your own Tenants Wives,
For Sattin will sadly deceive you:
For my part I will no more be such a Meacock,
To deal with the plumes of a *Hide-Park* Peacock,
But find out a Russet-coat Wench and a Hay-cock,
And there I will ride Tan-tivee.

A RIDDLE WITTILY EXPOUNDED

[*b.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 129, with music].

There was a Lady in the North-Country,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And she had lovely Daughters three,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

There was a Knight of Noble worth,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Which also lived in the North,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The Knight of Courage stout and brave,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
A Wife he did desire to have,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

He knocked at the Lady's Gate,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
One Evening when it was late,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The youngest Sister let him in,
  Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And pinn'd the Door with a Silver Pin,
  Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The second Sister she made his Bed,
  Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And laid soft Pillows under his Head,
  Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The Youngest that same Night,
  Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
She went to Bed to this young Knight,
  Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

And in the Morning when it was Day,
  Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
These words unto him she did say,
  Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

Now you have had your will (quoth she)
  Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
I pray Sir Knight you Marry me,
  Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The young brave Knight to her reply'd,
  Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Thy Suit, Fair Maid shall not be deny'd,
  Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

If thou can'st answer me Questions three,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
This very Day I will Marry thee,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

Kind Sir, in Love, O then quoth she,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Tell me what your three Questions be,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

O what is longer than the Way?
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Or what is deeper than the Sea?
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

Or what is louder than a Horn?
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Or what is sharper than a Thorn?
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

Or what is greener than the Grass?
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Or what is worse than a Woman was?
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The Damsel's Answer to the Three Questions

O love is longer than the way,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,

And Hell is deeper than the Sea,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

And Thunder's louder than the Horn,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And Hunger's sharper than a Thorn,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

And Poyson's greener than the Grass,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And the Devil's worse than the Woman was,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

When she these Questions answered had,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
The Knight became exceeding glad,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

And having truly tried her Wit,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
He much commended her for it,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

And after as 'tis verifi'd,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
He made of her his lovely Bride,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

So now fair Maidens all adieu,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,

This Song I dedicate to you,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

I wish that you may Constant prove,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
Unto the Man that you do Love,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

A BALLAD OF THE COURTIER AND THE COUNTRY CLOWN

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 99, with music].

Your Courtiers scorn we Country Clowns,
We Country Clowns care not for Court;
But we'll be as merry upon the Downs,
As you are at Midnight with all your Sport.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Hawk, you Hunt, you lie upon Pallets,
You Eat, you Drink, the Lord knows how;
We sit upon Hillocks, and pick up our Sallets,
And drink up a Sillibub under a Cow.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Masques are made for Knights and Lords,
And Ladies that go fine and gay;
We Dance to such Musick the Bag-pipe affords,
And trick up our Lasses as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Cloaths are made of Silk and Sattin,
And ours are made of good Sheeps Grey;
You mix your Discourses with pieces of *Latin,*
We speak our *English* as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Chambers are hung with Cloth of *Arras,*
Our Meadows bedeck'd as fine as may be;
And from our Sport you never shall bar us,
Since *Joan* in the Dark, is as good as my Lady.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Courtiers clip and cull upon Beds,
We Jumble our Lasses upon the Grass;
And when we have gotten their Maiden-heads,
They serve to make a Courtier's Lass.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Dance Courants and the *French* Braul,
We Jig the Morris upon the *Green;*
And we make as good sport in a Country-Hall,
As you do before the King and the Queen.
With a Fadding, &c.

Then Ladies do not us disdain,
Although we wear no gaudy Cloaths;
You'll find as much Pith in a Country Swain,
When he plucks up your gay Embroider'd
Cloaths. *With a Fadding,* &c.

THE SILLY MAIDS

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 95; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

Maids are grown so Coy of late,
  Forsooth they will not Marry;
Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
  They say they yet can tarry:
But if they knew how sweet a thing
  It is in Youth to Marry,
They would sell their Hose and Smock,
  E'er they so long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long you know,
  And bitter cold the Weather,
Then who's so fond to lie alone,
  When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
  With all the Fields inrolled,
To take a Green-Gown on the Grass,
  And wear it uncontrouled?

For she that is most Coy of all,
  If she had time and leisure,

Would lay away severest Thoughts,
  And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:
For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
  Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent so much
  As when they are too Holy.

PILLYCOCK

[*c.* 1707]

[Tune in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 50; set by THO. WRATH].

Pillycock came to my Lady's Toe,
And there the Whoreson began to go;
Had he Feet,
Ay marry had he?
And did he go,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright and ready to fight,
And *Pillycock* he lay there all Night.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Heel,
And there the Whoreson began to feel;
Had he Hands,
Ay marry had he?
And did he feel,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's shin,
And there the Whoreson began to grin;

Had he Teeth,
Ay marry had he?
And did he grin,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Knee,
And there the Whoreson began to see;
Had he Eyes,
Ay marry had he?
And did he see,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Thigh,
And there the Whoreson began to fly;
Had he Wings,
Ay marry had he?
And did he fly,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's ——
And there the Whoreson began to hunt;
Had he Hounds,
Ay marry had he?
And did he Hunt,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Quilt,
And there the Whoreson began to Tilt;
Had he a Lance,
Ay marry had he?
And did he Tilt,
Ay marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

THE WANTON TRICK

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 94; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

If any one long for a Musical Song,
  Altho' that his Hearing be thick,
The sound that it bears will ravish his Ears,
  Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

A pleasant young Maid on an Instrument play'd,
  That knew neither Note, nor Prick;
She had a good Will to live by her Skill,
  Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

A Youth in that Art well seen in his Part,
  They call'd him *Darbyshire Dick*,
Came to her a Suiter, and wou'd be her Tutor,
  Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

To run with his Bow he was not slow,
  His Fingers were nimble and quick,
When he play'd on his *Bass*, he ravish'd the Lass,
  Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

He Woo'd her and Taught her, until he had
brought her
To hold out a Crotchet and Prick,
And by his direction, she came to Perfection,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

With Playing and Wooing he still would be doing,
And call'd her his pretty sweet Chick:
His reasonable Motion brought her to Devotion,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

He pleas'd her so well, that backwards she fell,
And swooned, as tho' she were sick;
So sweet was his Note, that up went her Coat,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

The string of his *Viol* she put to the Trial,
Till she had the full length of the Stick?
Her white Belly'd *Lute* she set to his *Flute,*
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

Thus she with her *Lute,* and he with his *Flute,*
Held every Crotchet and Prick;
She learned at leisure, yet paid for the Pleasure,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

His *Viol-string* burst, her Tuten she Curst,
However she play'd with the Stick,
From *October* to *June* she was quite out of Tune,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

With sheming her Hand to make the Pin stand,
The Musick within her grew Thick,
Of his *Vial* and *Lute* appeared some Fruit,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

And then she repented, that e'er she consented,
To have either Note or Prick;
For Learning so well made her Belly to swell,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

All Maids that make trial of a *Lute* or a *Viol*,
Take heed how you handle the Stick:
If you like not this Order, come try my *Recorder*,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

And if that this Ditty forsooth doth not fit ye,
I know not what Musick to Prick,
There's never a Strain but in time will be twain,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

JOAN TO HER LADY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 80; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

Lady, sweet now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown,
For your servant *Joan* may prove,
Like your self, as deep in Love;
And as absolute a Bit,
Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.
The Smock alone the difference makes,
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.

VVhat avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father *Adam?*
VVhere does one exceed the other?
VVas not *Eve* our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Joan,*

Joan's a Piece for a man to bore,
VVith his VVimble, your's no more.
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires,
Are the cause of Men's Desires;
They're other Darts which Lusts pursue,
Those *Joan* has as well as you.
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

VVhat care we for Glorious Lights,
VVomen are used in the Nights;
And in Night in VVomen-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

VVere there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either;
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs and both have Hips.
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

When your Hand puts out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do
What you should be done unto.
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan?*
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock alone, &c.

THE BASHFUL SCOT

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 90; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

Jocky late with *Jenny* Walking,
On a Day in Summer Season;
Like a Lout with his Love sat talking,
When he should be doing Reason:
Jocky lost, *Jocky* lost,
His time to Dally, his time to Dally,
Whilst he cry'd, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet *Jenny*, shall I? shall I?

Jenny, as most Women use,
To deny when they would have it,
With faint Tongue she did refuse,
When her Looks did seem to crave it:
Still he cry'd, still he cry'd,
When he shou'd dally, when he shou'd dally,
Jenny sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet *Jenny*, shall I? shall I?

She that now was grown more willing,
When she saw his backward dealing,

To prevent her own Heart's illing,
With a Sigh her Love revealing,
Said alas! said alas!
When he would dally; when he would dally,
Now you stand Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet *Jenny*, Shall I? Shall I?

He perceiv'd by her Replying,
That a Nay was Yea, in Woing,
And that asking without trying,
Was the way to Love's Undoing;
Now he knows, now he knows,
When he should dally, when he should dally,
Not to stand sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet *Jenny*, Shall I? Shall I?

THE FORGETFUL MOTHER

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 75; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

My Mother she will not endure
  That I should Married be,
Altho' my Father do procure
  A Husband fit for me;
    Wherein she doth me much abuse,
    My Father's profer to refuse;
For younger Maids than I are sped,
And yet forsooth, I must not Wed.

My Mother she breeds all the Jars,
  And ill she does me use,
And Love and Age breeds all the Wars,
  Which grieves me to refuse.
    Before she was as old as I,
    She with a Man six Weeks did lie;
Judge you how much she doth me wrong,
To make me live a Maid so long.

For now I am of lawful Years,
  A Twelve Month's time and more,

As by the Church-Book plain appears,
Which doth my Age implore.
For now I am Sixteen years old,
Why should I then be thus controul'd,
And discontent to lie alone;
None knows my Grief, but by their own.

I do believe in Heart and Mind,
There is no greater Pain
Can fall upon us VVoman-kind,
And breedeth all our Pain,
To lie alone, all by my self,
It breeds Disease, instead of Health;
And shortly it will end my Days,
For so I know the Doctor says.

My Father's Care I must commend,
And Pains that he doth take;
My Mother speaks not as a Friend,
That I shan't have a Mate.
Altho' my Mother doth refuse
That I my youthful time should use,
I mean not long to stay un-wed,
Nor yet to keep my Maiden-head.

958555

KATY'S BEAUTY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 244; with music].

Katy's a Beauty surpassing,
She's a Sweet Garden to pass in,
In Town there is not like a Lass in,
So Sweet, so Charming is she.

Her Eyes like Stars do so twinkle,
Her Face is smooth, without wrinkle,
Her Chin's adorn'd with a Dimple,
Like the Charms above her Knee.

Her Lips as Red as a Rose is,
And round and pretty her Nose is;
Her Breath's a sweet mixture of Posies;
None on Earth's compar'd to she.

Her Belly's a Hill of Sweet Pleasure,
In Bush enclos'd lies the Treasure,
If you once make but a Seasure,
You're lost in an Extasie.

A BALLAD OF ALL THE TRADES

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 61; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

Oh the Miller, the dusty, musty Miller,
The Miller, that beareth on his Back;
He never goes to Measure Meal,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds ope the sack.

O the Baker, the bonny, bonny Baker,
The Baker that is so full of Sin;
He never heats his Oven hot,
But he thrusts, but he thrusts, but he thrusts his Maiden in.

O the Brewer, the lusty, lusty Brewer,
The Brewer that Brews Ale and Beer;
He never heats his Liquor hot,
But he takes, but he takes, but he takes his Maid by the Geer.

O the Butcher, the bloody, bloody Butcher,
The Butcher that sells both Beef and Bone;

He never grinds his Slaught'ring Knife,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must
turn his Stone.

O the Weaver, the wicked, wicked Weaver,
That followeth a weary Trade;
He never shoots his Shuttle right,
But he shoots, but he shoots, but he shoots first
at his Maid.

O the barber, the neat and nimble Barber,
Whose Trade is ne'er the worse;
He never goes to Wash and Shave,
But he trims, but he trims, but he trims his
Maiden first.

O the Taylor, the fine and frisking Taylor,
The Taylor that gives so good regard;
He never goes to measure Lace,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds
out his Yard.

O the Blacksmith, the lusty, lusty Blacksmith,
The best of all good Fellows;
He never heats his Iron hot,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must
blow the Bellows.

O the Tanner, the Merry, Merry Tanner,
The Tanner that draws good Hides into Leather;

He never strips himself to work,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid and
he's together.

O the Tinker, the sturdy, sturdy Tinker,
The Tinker that deals all in Mettle;
He never clencheth home a Nail,
But his Trull, but his Trull, but his Trull
holds up the Kettle.

THE MAIDEN'S LONGING

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 3, with music].

A Maiden of late,
Whose Name sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate;*
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a Child, without help of a Man.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of Great Fame,
Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
Quoth she, Mr. Doctor shew me if you can,
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,
Since so it must be,
This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently;
Take Nine Pound of Thunder, Six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wool of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,

Well Parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get you can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,
The Faith of false Varlets,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain,
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimstone Brew'd in a Beer-Cann,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With Nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Grashopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To Make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.

THE LONGING MAID

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 56; with music; set by AKEROYDE].

There was a Maid the other Day,
That sighed sore God wot;
And said all Wives might sport and play,
But Maidens they may not:
Full Fifteen have I liv'd she said,
Poor Soul, since I was Born:
And if I chance to Die a Maid,
Apollo is forsworn.
Oh, Oh, for a Husband,
Still this was her Song;
I will have a Husband, I will have a Husband,
A Husband Old or Young.

An Ancient Suitor to her came,
His Beard was almost Grey;
Tho' he was Old and she was Young,
She could no longer stay:
Unto her Mother went this Maid,
And told her by and by;
That she a Husband needs must have,

She had a reason why:
Oh, Oh, for a Husband, &c.

She had not been a Wedded Wife
One quarter of a Year;
But she was weary of this Life,
And grew into a Jeer:
The Old Man snorting by her side,
She'd nought but Sigh and Groan;
Did ever Woman this abide,
'Tis better lye alone.
Oh, Oh, Oh what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

To live a Wedded Life, she said,
A Twelve Month, 'tis too long;
As I have done, poor Soul, she cry'd,
That am both Fair and Young:
When other Wives can have their Will,
They are not like to me;
I mean to go and try my Skill,
And seek a Remedy:
Oh, Oh, Oh what a Husband, what a Life lead I, &c.

JENNY MAKING HAY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 230, with music].

Poor *Jenny* and I we toiled,
In a long Summer's Day;
Till we were almost foiled,
With making of the Hay;
Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
Bound low upon her Brow;
Ise whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well stitcht with yellow Silk;
Oh! sike a Leg was never seen,
Her Skin as white as Milk:
Her Hair as black as any Crow,
And sweet her Mouth was too;
Oh *Jenny* daintily can mow,
But what's that to you?

Her Petticoats were not so low,
As Ladies they do wear them;

She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear them:
Ise took them up all in my Hand,
And I think her Linnen too;
Which made me for to make a stand;
But what's that to you?

King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
And Concubines a Number;
Yet Ise possess more happiness,
And he had more of Cumber;
My Joys surmount a wedded Life,
With fear she lets me mow her;
A Wench is better than a Wife,
But what's that to you?

The Lilly and the Rose combine,
To make my *Jenny* fair;
There's no Contentment sike as mine;
I'm almost void of Care:
But yet I fear my *Jenny's* Face,
VVill cause more Men to woe;
VVhich if she should, as I do fear,
Still, what is that to you?

"SEE HOW FAIR AND FINE SHE LIES"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii; tune, *The Bonny Christ-Church Bells*].

See how fair and fine she lies,
Upon her Bridal Bed;
No Lady at the Court,
So fit for the Sport,
Oh she look'd so curiously White and Red:
After the first and second time,
The weary Bridegroom slacks his Pace;
But Oh! she cries, come, come my Joy,
And cling thy Cheek close to my Face:
Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
Whilst Time and Touch they keep;
Then with a Kiss,
They end their Bliss,
And so fall fast asleep.

TWANGDILLO

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 226, with music].

Jolly Roger Twangdillo of Plowden Hill,
In his Chest had two thousand good Pounds,
Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
And a hundred good Acres of Ground;
Which made ev'ry Maiden
With Maiden-Heads laden,
And Widows, tho' just set free,
To wrangle and fret,
And pump up their Wit,
To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdillo,
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo,
Twangdee.

The first that brake Ice was a Lass had been
Born of a good House, but decay'd;
Her Gown was new Dy'd, and her Night-rail clean,
And to sing and talk French had been breed;
She'd dance Northern Nancy,
Ask'd *Parler vous Fransay*,

That Hodge might her breeding see,
She'd rowl her black Eye,
Breath short with a sigh,
When e'er she came nigh Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

The next was a Sempstress of Stature Low,
That fancy'd she wanted a Male,
Her Hair as black as an Autumn Sloe,
And hard as a Coach-horses Tail:
She'd Oagle and Wheedle,
And prick with her Needle;
What d' lack, what d' buy, cry'd she?
But now the brisk Tone,
Is chang'd to a Groan,
Ah! pity my moan, Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

A musty old Chamber-maid lean and tall,
The next as a Suitor appears,
With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
For time had drawn them many Years:
Cast Gowns and such Lumber,
Old Smocks without number,
She bragg'd should her Dowry be,
Forty pair of Lac'd Shoes,
Ribbons Green, Red and Blews,
But all would not Noose Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

The next was a Lass of a Popish strain,
That Jesuite Whims had been taught,
She bragg'd they shou'd soon have King James again

Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot;
The French would come over,
And land here at Dover,
And all as they wish'd, would be;
The Jacobite Jade,
Talk'd as if she was mad,
In hopes to have had Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

A Vintner's fat Widow then straight was view'd,
Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf:
He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd brew'd,
And lately had Poyson'd himself.
With Bumpers of Claret,
No Souse paying for it,
She'd Roger's Companion be;
Strike Fist on the Board,
Huzza was the Word,
Come Kiss me ador'd Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

But Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,
And so gave a loose to the next,
The Niece of a Canting Bleer-Ey'd Non Con,
That stifly could canvass a Text.
A Dame in Cheapside too,
Would fain be his Bride too,
And make him of London free;
But no Lass wou'd down
In Country or Town,

So purse-proud was grown, Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

Till at last pretty Nancy, a Farmer's Joy,
That Newly a Milking had been,
Round-fac'd Cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,
Came tripping it over the Green:
She mov'd like a Goddess,
And in her lac'd Bodice,
A Span she could hardly be;
Her Hips were plump grown,
And her Hair a dark Brown;
'Twas she that brought down Twangdillo, Twangdillo, &c.

"CALM WAS THE EV'NING, AND CLEAR WAS THE SKY"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 178; with music].

Calm was the Ev'ning, and clear was the Sky,
And the sweet budding Flowers did spring;
When all alone went Amyntor, and I,
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
I sate, and he laid him down by me
And scarcely his breath he could draw:
But when with a fear, he began to come near,
He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire:
But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire,
Ah, Sylvia! said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest, with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a Ha, ha, &c.

I knew it was his Passion that caused his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his case;
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his face;
But as we grow bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw:
And straight as our bliss, began with a kiss,
He laught out with a Ha, ha, &c.

"O THE TIME THAT IS PAST"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 188; with music].

O the time that is past,
When she held me so fast,
And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last;
When no light but her languishing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd
With such Trembling and hast,
As if she had long'd to be closer Imbrac'd;
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my Mind was in search of hid Treasure imploy'd.

My Heart set on fire,
With the flames of desire,
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
But she cry'd for pity-sake, change your ill Mind,
Pray Amyntas be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear Amyntas she crys,
Then casts down her Eyes,

And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denys;
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
Till her free Consent had more sweetned the Prey.

But too late I begun,
For her Passion was done,
Now Amyntas she crys, I will never be won;
Your Tears and your Courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the Critical minute of Love.

"BENEATH A MIRTLE SHADE"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 185; with music].

Beneath a Mirtle shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I slept, and streight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the Object of my waking thought:
Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, (became) more sweet.

From the bright Vision's head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too Brown or fair:
Her Hands her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace, my Heart did fire,
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with desire.

Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you, my Bliss and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade,
Was for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made:

Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me,
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me Dye, she said,
Rather than lose the Spotless name of Maid;
Faintly she spoke me-thought for all the while,
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:
Then dye said I, she still deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? and so she Dy'd.

I Wak'd, and straight I knew,
I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do:
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can Dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep, or waking you must ease my pain.

THE TOWN GALLANT

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 191; with music].

Let us drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;
The changeable World to our Joy is unjust,
All Treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust:
In Frolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
For we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kiss and be free with Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
Have Oysters and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly,
Fish Dinners will make a Lass spring like a Flea,
Dame Venus (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea:
With Bacchus and with her we'll tickle the sence.
For we shall be past it a Hundred years hence.

Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sells for a Hogo of Honour;
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendor,
That none but the stars, are thought fit to attend her:

Tho' now she be pleasant and sweet to the sence,
Will be damnable Mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Usurer that in the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,
Lays up for a Season which he shall ne'er see,
The Year One thousand eight hundred and three:
His Wit, and his Wealth, his Learning, and Sence
Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who subtilty thrives,
In spinning our Suits to the length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in Slavery,
Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knav'ry:
May boast of Subtilty in th' Present Tense,
But *Non est Inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why should we Turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears;
Let's eat, drink, and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain *post mortem nulla Voluptas:*
Let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence,
Have Broods to succeed us a Hundred years hence.

"SABINA IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 219; with music].

Sabina in the dead of Night,
In restless Slumbers wishing lay,
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
To loose Desires did lead the way:
I step'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did sleep;
I call'd Sabina softly in her Ear,
And sure Sabina heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all
Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy),
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
To search for hidden Treasury:

So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel,
And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
And she without a Blush receives;
As by dissembling most are coy,
She by dissembling freely gives:
For you may safely say, nay swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel,
She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.

"WHY IS YOUR FAITHFUL SLAVE DISDAIN'D?"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 220; with music].

Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd
  Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possest,
  Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
  That will suffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give,
  Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
  Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape so made to be imbrac't,
What would I give I might but taste,
  Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
  And that vain Breath call'd Fame;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis something more I would obtain,
  'Tis that I dare not name.

THE PRAISE OF THE DAIRY-MAID, WITH A LICK AT THE CREAM-POT, OR A FADING ROSE

[1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 12; tune, *Packington's pound* or *The Cloaks Knavery* (CHAPPELL'S *Pop. Music*, 123)].

Let Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a Hector,
Let Pluto drink Coffee, and Jove his rich Nectar;
Neither Syder nor Sherry,
Metheglin nor Perry,
Shall more make me Drunk, which the vulgar call Merry:
These Drinks o'er my fancy no more shall prevail,
But I'll take a full soop at the merry Milk-pail.

In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing,
But all things in order first, God save the King;
And the Queen I may say,
That ev'ry May-day,
Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay:
Assist me fair Damsels, to finish this Theam,
And inspire my Fancy with Strawberries and Cream.

The first of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe,
Was Adam's own Wife, your Great-Grandmother Eve;
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well she knew how,
Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now:
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
For the Butter and Cheese in those days made itself.

In that Age or time there was no damn'd Money,
Yet the Children of Israel fed upon Milk and Honey;
No Queen you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the Brown Cow with the meanest she:
Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows gave them Meat,
In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
That Nurser of Subjects, bold Britain's chief Meat;
When they first begin it,
To see how the Rennet
Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:
Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,
They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

Your Turkey Sherbet and Arabian Tea,
Is Dish-water stuff to a dish of new Whey;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill Vapours it drains,
And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains,
Court Ladies i' th' Morning will drink a whole Pottle:
And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream thy due praises how shall I now utter?
For when at the best,
A thing's well express'd,
We are apt to reply, that's the Cream of the Jest:
Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul,
I had long since been Drowned in a Cream bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the Dutch-men's delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;
But oh, the soft stream,
That remains of the Cream,
Old Morpheus ne'er tasted so sweet in a Dream:
It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,
And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
A thousand more Dainties are daily in use;
For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
E'er it goes in the Belly,

Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and
the Jelly:
For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muster'd,
The charming delights of Cheese-Cakes and Custard;
For at Tottenham Court,
You can have no sport,
Unless you give Custards and good Cheese Cakes
for't:
And what's Jack Pudding that makes us to Laugh,
Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good store,
But a Devonshire White-pot requires much more;
No state you can think,
Tho' you study and wink,
From the lusty Sack-posset to poor Posset-drink;
But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worse,
For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the
Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream, or a Goose-berry-Fool;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him
full well:

Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
That from good natur'd Women such Fools may
be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows Teat in her
Hand;
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand;
Then with a pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,
When I think of the Blessing of a Syllabub;
Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-maids, such bliss ne'er
oppose;
If e'er you'll be happy, I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your profession,
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr. Ed——mond,
Did both dig and sow in her Parsly-Bed:
But the Fool for his labour deserves not a Rush,
For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose Bush.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all:
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'er touch a Man,
And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can
I am your well-wisher, then listen to my Word,
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

A SONG MADE ON THE POWER OF WOMEN

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 41; tune, *The Blacksmith*, *Ibid.* p. 28].

Will you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,
It shall do more good than Ten of John Dory,
Which no Body can deny.

'Tis no Story of Robin Hood, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to Demonstrate the power of Women;
It is a Subject that's very common,
Which no Body can deny.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in spite of Criticks give you my Narration:
For Women now are all in Fashion,
Which no Body can deny.

Then pray give me advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore sway;
A Woman beareth the Bell away,
Which no Body can deny.

The greatest Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by Fortune, tho' ne'er so well school'd;
But this of the Women can never be cool'd,
Which no Body can deny.

I wonder from whence this power did spring,
Or who the Devil first set up this thing;
That spares neither Peasant, Prince, nor King,
Which no Body can deny.

Their Scepter doth rule from Cæsar to Rustick,
From finical Kit, to Soldier so lustick;
In fine, it Rules all, tho' ne'er so Robustick,
Which no Body can deny.

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in Betty or Nan;
But his Eyes turn'd Pimp, and his Heart trapan,
Which no Body can deny.

I fain would know one of Adam's Race,
Tho' ne'er so Holy a Brother of Grace;
If he met a loose Sister, but he wou'd embrace,
Which no Body can deny.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot, tho' their Natures cold:
But in this kind of Pleasure they commonly rowl'd,
Which no Body can deny.

First Aristotle, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of Venus, but little of Bellow;
Which shew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow,
Which no Body can deny.

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his Problems, a Subject so muddy;
'Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy,
Which no Body can deny.

The next in order is Socrates grave,
Who Triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave
His Heart to Aspatia, and became her Slave,
Which no Body can deny.

Demosthenes to Corinth he took a Voyage,
We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age or my Age.
And all was for a Modicum Pyeage,
Which no Body can deny.

The Proverb in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make Men prevail;
A sweet Tooth and a Liquorish tayl,
Which no Body can deny.

Lycurgus and Solon were both Law-makers,
And no Men I'm sure are such Wise-acres;

To think that themselves would not be partakers,
Which no Body can deny.

An Edict they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation;
He might take another for Procreation,
Which no Body can deny.

If the Wife found coming in short,
The same Law did right her upon report;
Whereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th' Sport,
Which no Body can deny.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a string;
By a Woman is Captivated, poor thing,
Which no Body can deny.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And Wept because the World was so small;
In the Queen of Amazon's pit did fall,
Which no Body can deny.

Antonius, and Nero, and Caligula,
Were Rome's Tormentors by Night and by Day;
Yet Women beat them at their own Play,
Which no Body can deny.

THE INFALLIBLE DOCTOR

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 35; with music].

From France, from Spain, from Rome I come,
And from all Parts of Christendom;
For to Cure all strange Diseases,
Come take Physick he that pleases:
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
And can never hold your Water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other things are very meet,
As groaning backward in your Sleep.

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
That is at least Threescore or more;
Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
As if you'd fear to pass her by;
I can make her Plump and Young,
Lusty, lively and also strong;
Honest, Active, fit to Wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head,
All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life
With Scolding, yoleing in the House,
As tho' the Devil was turn'd loose:
Let him but repair to me,
I can Cure her presently
With one Pill, I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil,
Or send her Headlong to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsey, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Aches without;
There is no Disease but I
Can find a present Remedy:
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
Are the easiest Wounds I Cure;
Nay, more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any Man has not
The Heart to fight against the Scot;
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing:
Or any that has been Dead,
Seven long Years and Buried;
I can him to Life restore,
And make him as sound as he was before,
Else let him never trust me more.

If any Man desire to Live
A Thousand Ages, let him give
Me a Thousand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life, unless he Dye;
Nay more I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick;
But if I no Money see,
And he with Diseases troubled be,
Than he may thank himself, not me.

THE TINKER

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 67; with music].

He that a Tinker, a Tinker would be,
  Let him leave other Loves,
And come listen to me;
  Tho' he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
  And Dallies, and Dallies, with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast, in the morning he takes,
  And all the day long good Musick he makes;
He wanders the world, to Wakes, and to Fairs,
  And casts his Cap, and casts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares,
  When to the Town the Tinker doth come,
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
  All Wenches pray him to stop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet, and the
    Scummer;

Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the Tinker, the Tinker,
The merry, merry Tinker,
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

"A BEGGAR GOT A BEADLE"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 79; with music].

A beggar got a Beadle,
A Beadle got a Yeoman;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
And a Prentice got a Freeman;
The Freeman got a Master,
The Master got a Lease,
The lease made him a Gentleman,
And Justice of the Peace.

The Justice being Rich,
And Gallant in desire;
He marry'd with a Lady,
And so he got a Squire:
The Squire got a Knight
Of Courage bold and stout;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And so it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
His Country he forsook;

He travell'd into Spain,
  And there he got a Duke:
The Duke he got a Prince,
  The Prince a King of Hope:
The King he got an Emperor,
  The Emperor got a Pope.

Thus as it was feigned,
  The Pedigree did run;
The Pope he got a Fryer,
  The Fryer he got a Nun:
The Nun by chance did stumble,
  And on her Back she sunk,
The Fryer fell a top of her,
  And so they got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
  With whom he did inhabit,
Who when the Father died,
  The Son became Lord Abbot:
Lord Abbot had a Maid,
  And he catcht her in the Dark,
And something he did to her,
  And so begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
  The Sexton got a Digger;
The Digger got a Preband,
  The Preband got a Vicar;

The Vicar got an Attorney,
  The which he took in snuff;
The Attorney got a Barrister,
  The Barrister got a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counsel,
  Good Counsel got a Fee,
The Fee did get a Motion,
  That it might Pleaded be;
The Motion got a Judgment,
  And so it came to pass;
A Beggar's Bratt, a scolding Knave,
  A Crafty Lawyer was.

A NEW BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 81; with music].

The Sleeping Thames one Morn I cross'd,
By two contending Charons tost;
I Landed and I found,
By one of Neptune's jugling Tricks,
Enchanted Thames was turn'd to Styx,
Lambeth th' Elysian Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of the Day,
To make himself more fresh and gay,
Had spent five Hours, and more;
Scarce had he Comb'd and Curl'd his Hair,
When out there comes a brighter Fair,
Eclips'd him o'er, and o'er.

The dazl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd,
But durst not, because he was hir'd,
To light the Purblind Skies;
But all on Earth, will Swear and say,
They saw no other Sun that Day,
Nor Heav'n, but in her Eyes.

Her starry Eyes, both warm and shine,
And her dark Brows, do them enshrine,
Like Love's Triumphal Arch;
Their Firmament is Red and White,
Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,
With Indigo and Starch.

Her Face a Civil War had bred,
Betwixt the White Rose and the Red,
Then Troops of Blushes came;
And charg'd the White with might and main,
But stoutly were repuls'd again,
Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight,
It lasted dubious until Night,
Which wou'd to the other yield;
At last the Armies both stood still,
And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, such Spoils! which to compare,
A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
And Scepters are but sticks;
The Crown it self, 'twere but a Bonnet,
If her Possession lay upon it,
What Prince wou'd not here fix.

Heaven's Master-piece, Divinest frame,
That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,

Rich Nature's utmost Stage;
The Harvest of all former years,
The past's Disgrace, the future's fears,
And glory of this Age.

Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,
And a slight Bargain there is made,
To make Him her Supreme;
The Angels pearch'd about her Light,
And Saints themselves had Appetite,
But I will not Blaspheme.

The Parson did his Conscience ask,
If he were fit for such a Task,
And cou'd perform his Duty;
Then straight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another thing,
When strength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modest Cloud her Face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,
While thus they mingle Hands;
And then she was oblig'd to say,
Those Bug-bear Words, Love and Obey,
But meant her own Commands.

The envious Maids lookt round about,
To see what One wou'd take them out,
To terminate their Pains;

For tho' they Covet, and are Cross,
Yet still they value more one Loss,
Than many Thousand Gains.

Knights of the Garter, two were Call'd,
Knights of the Shoe-string, two install'd,
And all were bound by Oath;
No further than the Knee to pass,
But oh! the Squire of the Body was
A better place than both.

A tedious Feast protracts the time,
For eating now, was but a Crime,
And all that interpos'd;
For like two Duellists they stood,
Panting for one another's Blood,
And longing till they clos'd.

Then came the Jovial Musick in,
And many a merry Violin,
That Life and Soul of Legs;
Th' impatient Bridgroom would not stay,
Good Sir, cry they, what Man can play,
Till he's wound up his pegs.

But then he Dances till he reels,
For Love and Joy had Wing'd his Heels,
And puts the Hours to flight;
He leapt and skipt, and seem'd to say,

Come Boys, I'll drive away the Day,
And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride, with Murd'ring Arts,
Walks round, and Brandishes her Darts,
To give the deeper Wound;
Her Beauteous Fabrick, with such grace,
Ensnares a Heart, at every pace,
And Kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no Ground,
And slily draws her Nets around,
Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses;
Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
That Arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
Daring of Larks over a Green,
His fierce occasion tarry;
Dances about them as they fly,
And gives them sport before they Die,
Then stoops and Kills the Quarry.

Her Sweat, like Honey-drops did fall,
And Stings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
Her shape was so exact;
Of Wax she seemed fram'd alive,
But had her Gown too been a Hive,
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus envious Time prolong'd the Day,
And stretch'd the Prologue to the Play,
Long stopp'd the sluggish Watch;
At last a Voice came from above,
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To Consummate the Match.

But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)
A Banquet comes, like the Night-Guard,
Which stay'd them half the Night;
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd,
The Train was laying to be fir'd,
He went his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
So glorious was her Face;
Amaz'd he stopt —— but then, quoth He,
Tho' 'tis an Angel, 'tis a She,
And leap'd into his Place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bless'd with a Thousand pleasing Charms,
In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and Sowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloys,
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, sure was no more,
Than that which had been done before,

When she her self was Made;
Something was lost, which none found out,
And He that had it cou'd not shew't,
Sure 'tis a Jugling Trade.

THE WIFE-HATER

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 124; music *Ibid.* i. 120].

He that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of Life,
He must be sure to lead;
If she's a young and tender Heart,
Not documented in Love's Art,
Much Teaching she will need.

For where there is no Path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way;
Nay, when he's at his Treasure:
The Gap perhaps will prove so strait,
That he for Entrance long may wait,
And make a toil of's Pleasure.

Or if one old and past her doing,
He will the Chambermaid be wooing,
To buy her Ware the cheaper;
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when these Things are neatly drest,
They'll entertain each wanton Guest,
Nor for your Honour care;
If any give their Pride a Fall,
They've learn'd a Trick to bear withal,
So you their Charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your Game,
With a dull, fat, gross, and heavy Dame,
Your Riches to increase,
Alas, she will but jeer you for't,
Bid you to find out better Sport,
Lie with a Pot of Grease.

If meager—— be thy delight,
She'll conquer in veneral Fight,
And waste thee to the Bones;
Such kind of Girls, like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or else they'll grind the Stones.

If black, 'tis Odds, she's dev'lish proud;
If short, Zantippe like to loud,
If long, she'll lazy be:
Foolish (the Proverb says) if fair;
If wise and comely, Danger's there,
Lest she do Cuckold thee.

If she bring store of Money, such
Are like to domineer too much,

Prove Mrs. no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the House with scolding Thunder,
What's worse than such a Life.

But if their Dowry only be
Beauty, farewel Felicity,
Thy Fortune's cast away;
Thou must be sure to satisfy her,
In Belly, and in Back desire,
To labour Night and Day.

And rather than her Pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
And thou'lt Acteon'd be;
Whilst like Acteon, thou may'st weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
All such as devour thee.

If being Noble thou dost wed,
A servile Creature basely bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear to exalt a Court-like Horn,
Thy low Descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a Wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;

She whom he did for Learning Honour,
To scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future Fortune;
But if departed they're this Life,
You must be Parent to your Wife,
And Father all be certain.

If bravely Drest, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say nay;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have Terms, she knows not why,
But still to keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country Ware,
Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
But stupid Honesty;
May teach her how to Sleep all Night,
And take a great deal more Delight,
To Milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their Blood agree,
Too near, where's Consanguinity,
Then let no Kin be chosen;
He loseth one part of his Treasure,

Who thus confineth all his Pleasure,
To th' Arms of a first Couzen.

He'll never have her at Command,
Who takes a Wife at Second hand,
Than chuse no Widow'd Mother;
The First Cut of that Bit you love,
If others had, why mayn't you prove,
But Taster to another.

Besides if She bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
But prove a Barren Doe;
Or if by them She ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for weak Back go.

For there where other Gardners have been Sowing
Their Seed, but never could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
And where the Terra Incognita
So's Plow'd, you must it Fallow lay,
And still for weak Back go.

Then trust not a Maiden Face,
Nor confidence in Widows place,
Those weaker Vessels may
Spring Leak, or Split against a Rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a Smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she Fair, Foul, Short, or Tall,
You for a time may Love them all,
Call them your Soul, your Life;
And one by one, them undermine,
As Courtezan, or Concubine,
But never as a Married Wife.

He who considers this, may end the strife.
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.

"HOW HAPPY'S THE MORTAL"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 144; with music].

How Happy's the Mortal,
That lives by his Mill;
That depends on his own,
Not on Fortune's Wheel:
By the slight of his hand,
And the strength of his Back;
How merrily, how merrily,
His Mill goes Clack, clack, clack,
How merrily, how merrily,
His Mill goes Clack.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
As too often 'tis seen;
For she may be a Scold,
Sing God bless the Queen:
With his hand to the Mill,
And his Shoulder to the Sack;
He drowns all the discord,
In his Musical *Clack, clack, clack,*
He drowns, &c.

O'er your Wives, and your Daughters,
  He often prevails;
By sticking a Cog, of a foot,
  In their Tails;
Whilst the Hoyden so willingly,
  He lays upon her back;
And all the while he sticks it in,
  The Stones cry *Clack, clack, clack,*
And all the while he sticks it in,
  The stones cry *Clack.*

"WHEN SYLVIA IN BATHING, HER CHARMS DOES EXPOSE"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 331; with music].

When Sylvia in Bathing, her Charms does expose,
The pretty Banquet dancing under her Nose;
My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Ga——'ry into the Bowl:
Each day I provide too,
A bribe for her Guide too,
And gave her a Crown,
To bring me the Water where she sat down;
Let crazy Physitians think Pumping a Cure,
That Virtue is doubtful, but Sylvia's is sure.

The Fidlers I hire to play something Sublime,
And all the while throbbing my Heart beats the Time;
She enters, they Flourish, and cease when she goes,
That who it is address'd to, straight ev'ry one knows;
Wou'd I were a Vermin,

Call'd one of her Chairmen,
Or serv'd as a Guide;
Tho' show'd as they do a damn'd tawny Hide,
Or else like a Pebble at bottom cou'd lye,
To Ogle her Beauties, how happy were I.

A SONG REPRESENTING THE GOING OF A PAD

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 287; with music].

When for Air
I take my Mare,
And mount her first,
WALK. She walks just thus,
Her Head held low,
And Motion slow;
With Nodding, Plodding,
Wagging, Jogging,
Dashing, Plashing,
Snorting, Starting,
Whimsically she goes:
Then Whip stirs up,
TROT. Trot, Trot, Trot;
Ambling then with easy slight,
PACE. She riggles like a Bride at Night;
Her shuffling hitch,
Regales my Britch;
TROTT. Whilst Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
Brings on the Gallop,

GALLOP. The Gallop, the Gallop,
The Gallop, and then a short
TROTT. Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
Straight again up and down,
GALLOP. Up and down, up and down,
Till she comes home with a Trott,
TROTT. When Night dark grows.

Just so Phillis,
Fair as Lillies,
WALK. As her Face is,
Has her Paces;
And in Bed too,
Like my Pad too;
Nodding, Plodding,
Wagging, Jogging,
Dashing, Plashing,
Flirting, Spirting,
Artful are all her ways:
TROTT. Heart thumps pitt, patt,
Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott;
PACE. Ambling, then her Tongue gets loose,
Whilst wrigling near I press more close:
Ye Devil she crys,
I'll tear your Eyes,
TROTT. When Main seiz'd,
Bum squeez'd,
GALLOP. I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop,

TROTT. And Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
Straight again up and down,
GALLOP. Up and down, up and down,
Till the last Jerk with a Trott,
TROTT. Ends our Love Chase.

"WALKING DOWN THE HIGHLAND TOWN"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 201; with music].

Walking down the Highland Town,
  There I saw Lasses many;
But upon the Bank in the highest Rank,
  Was one more gay than any:
I Look'd about for one kind Face,
  And I saw Billy Scrogy;
I ask'd of him what was her Name,
They call'd her Catherine Logy.

I travelled East, and I travelled West,
  And I travelled through Strabogy;
But the fairest Lass that e'er I see,
  Was pretty Catherine Logy.

I Travelled East, and I Travelled West,
  And Travell'd through Strabogy;
But I'd watch a long Winters Night,
  To see fair Catherine Logy.

I've a Love in Lamer Moor,
  A dainty Love in Leith, Sir;
And another Love in Edinborough,
  And twa Loves in Dalkeith, Sir.

Ride I east, or Ride I West,
  My Love She's still before me,
But gin my Wife shou'd ken aw this,
  I shou'd be very sorry.

PUSS IN A CORNER

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 239; with music].

To Cullies and Bullies
Of Country and Town,
To Wearers and Tearers
Of Manteau and Gown;
All Christian good People, that live round Paul's Steeple:
I'll tell you a pleasant Case:
Hot headed I wedded
At Age of threescore,
A flaunting young Wanton,
Eighteen and no more;
Of Parents I sought her, and Money soon bought her,
I well might have had more Grace;
For daily at Table
She'd pout and She'd squabble,
And this still was all I got;
When e're I ask'd why,
She'd cry pish, fie,
For Gold nor Apparel

I never did Quarrel,
But only you starve my Cat.

A pretty young Kitty,
She had that could Purr;
'Twas gamesome and handsome,
And had a rare Furr;
And straight up I took it, and offer'd to stroake it,
In hopes I should make it kind:
But lowting and powting,
It still was to me,
Tho' Nature the Creature,
Design'd should be free,
I play'd with its Whiskers and would have had discourse,
But ah! it was dumb and blind:
When Cloris unquiet, who knew well its diet,
And found that I wanted that:
Cry'd pray, Run, fetch John,
He's the Man that can,
When it does need it,
Best knows how to feed it,
Or gad you will starve my Cat.

As fleet as my Feet
Could convey me I sped,
To Johnny who many
Times Pussey had fed;
I told him my Errand, he wanted no Warrant,

But hasted to shew his skill:
He took it to stroak it,
And close in his Lap,
He laid it to feed it,
And gave it some Pap,
And with such a passion it took the Collation,
Its Belly began to fill;
And now within door is, so merry my Cloris,
She Laughs and grows wonderous Fat:
And I run for John,
Who's the Man that can,
Tho' I'm at distance,
Give present assistance,
To please her, and feed her Cat.

"WE LONDON VALETS ALL ARE CREATURES"

[1709]

[From DURFEY'S *Modern Prophets*, sung by Mr. PACK; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 172].

We London Valets all are Creatures,
No Modern Beau can live without,
Who tho' the Devil be in our Natures,
Divinely bring Intrigues about:
We wait, we run, cajole each Dun,
Who threatens with the Laws Disasters,
In Taverns snore, on Bench 'till four,
Then bring the Miss for Morning Bliss,
And often snack her with our Masters.
And often snack her with our Masters.

At Seasons when the Senate's sitting,
We mimick each Law-maker there,
Without Doors those within outwitting,
And act the Speaker in the Chair;
With Votes and Pleas,
And Means and Ways,
We ape the Legislative Jurys,

At th' end o' th' Day
We see a play,
There full of Ale
The Gallery scale,
And roar, and clatter like the Furys.

Oft-times by Order 'tis our Duty,
To go to the Play-house and take Rooms,
There cheek by jole we sit with Beauty,
And out-do clearly all Perfumes,
Or if no Play
Will please that Day,
We're hurried strait to *Hide-Park* Corner,
There Crambo sing
Of all the Ring,
What wanton Wives
Lead Modish Lives,
And who's the Cuckold, who's the Horner.

"IN THE DEVIL'S COUNTRY THERE LATELY DID DWELL"

[1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 38; sung by W. DOGGETT].

In the Devil's Country there lately did dwell,
A crew of such Whores as was ne'er bred in Hell,
The Devil himself he knows it full well,
Which no Body can deny, deny;
Which no Body can deny.

There were Six of the Gang, and all of a Bud,
Which open'd as soon as got into the Blood,
There are five to be hang'd, when the other proves good,
Which no Body can deny, deny; &c.

But it seems they have hitherto sav'd all their Lives,
Since they cou'd not live honest, there's four made Wives,
The other two they are not Marry'd but Sw—s,
Which no Body can deny, deny; &c.

The Eldest the Matron of t'other Five Imps,

Though as Chast as Diana, or any o'th' Nymphs,
Yet rather than Daughter shall want it, she Pimps,
Which no Body can deny, deny; &c.

Damn'd Proud and Ambitious both Old and the Young,
And not fit for honest Men to come among,
A damn'd Itch in their Tail, and a sting in their Tongue,
Sing tantara rara Whores all, Whores all,
Sing tantara rara Whores all.

"IF EVER YOU MEAN TO BE KIND"

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 222; tune, *The old Batchelor*].

If ever you mean to be kind,
To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
For fear that to Morrow should alter my Mind,
Oh! let me now, now, now,
If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
And swear by this kind Embrace;
That another to Morrow, as you hope to live,
Oh! then I will strait unlace:
For why should we two disagree,
Since we have, we have opportunity.

"FYE JOCKEY NEVER PRATTLE"

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 214].

Fye Jockey never prattle more so like a Loon,
No Rebel e'er shall gar my Heart to Love:
Sawney was a Loyal Scot tho' dead and gone,
And Jenny in her Daddy's way with muckle Joy shall move:
Laugh at the Kirk-Apostles & the Canting swarms,
And fight with bonny Lads that love their Monarchy and King.
Then Jenny fresh and blith shall take thee in her Arms,
And give thee twanty Kisses, and perhaps a better thing.

"JOCKEY LOVES HIS MOGGY DEARLY"

[1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 144; music set by K. BROWN].

Jockey loves his Moggy dearly,
He gang'd with her to Perth Fair;
There we Sung and Pip'd together,
And when done, then down I'd lay her:
I so pull'd her, and so lull'd her,
Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle Joy;
Mog. kiss'd Jockey, Jockey Moggy,
From long Night to break of Day.

I told Mog. 'twas muckle pleasing,
Moggey cry'd she'd do again such;
I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,
But 'twould wast my muckle Coyn much:
She lamented, I relented,
Both wish'd Bodies might increase;
Then we'd gang next Year together,
And my Pipe shall never cease.

THE FART:

FAMOUS FOR ITS SATYRICAL HUMOUR IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

[1711]

[By T. DURFEY: a broadside song with music; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 28].

Ye Jacks of the Town,
And Whiggs of renown,
Leave off your Jarrs and Spleen,
And hast to your Arms
All thronging in swarms
Be ready to guard the Queen;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

For last Lord's-day,
At St. James's they say,
A strange odd thing did chance,
Which put into the News,
All Holland would amuse,
But would make 'em rejoyce in France;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Each Commoner and Peer,
Of both Houses were there,

And folks of each rank and Station,
Had thither free recourse,
From the Keeper of the Purse,
To the Mayor of a Corporation;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

When at Noon as in State
The Queen was at Meat,
And the Princely Dane sat by Her,
A Fart there was hear'd,
That the Company scar'd,
As a Gun at their Ears had been fir'd;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Which Irreverent Sound
Made 'em stare all around,
And in each Countenance lower,
Whilst judgment thereupon
Said, it needs must be done,
As afronting the Soveraign pow'r;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

The Chaplain in place
Had but just said Grace,
And then cringing behind withdrawn,
When they call'd back,
To examine if the Crack,
Came from him or the Lords in Lawn,
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

For just by the Chair,
Some fat Bishops were there,
Whom the Whigg boys fain would bespatter,
Who with a Sober look,
Declar'd upon the Book,
That the Clergy knew nought of the matter;
Of the hum, hum, hum, hum.

But they would not swear,
For the Parties were there,
Of the High Church and the Low,
Who from a mighty Zeal,
For good o' th' commonweal
Might let some of their Bagpipes blow;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

At this when heard,
Late Comptroler strokt his Beard,
And declar'd with an Antique bow,
He tho' of some nothing knew,
Yet he would vouch for two,
Himself, and his Brother John How;
For the hum, hum, hum, hum.

For the Squire was well bred,
And his Key might have had,
But refus'd for an old State Trick,
And that he that had made Sport,
With Places of the Court,

Now resolv'd upon Wharton's white stick;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

When this was done,
And the Crime not yet known,
Came a Law Peer to plead the Case,
How they had no intent,
To affront the Government
Nor had he to regain the Mace;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

A Garter and Star,
Next censure did bear,
Who for all he lookt so high,
And carry'd it so great,
In Intrigues of the State,
Yet might condescend to let fly
A hum, hum, hum, hum.

But he, in a heat,
Said the thing in debate,
Impos'd on Each sex might be,
And would have made it clear,
That some Dutchesses there,
Were as likely to do't as he;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

The Colour then rose,
'Mongst the noble Furbelows,

Of Honour, and most too, Wives,
Who declar'd upon their rep,
They ne'er made such a 'scape,
Nor e'er did such a thing in their lives
As a hum, hum, hum, hum.

But the Gigling rout,
That were waiting round about,
'Twas likely were heedless Jades,
So that saving their own fame
They agreed upon the sham,
To have turn'd it upon the poor Maids
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Who all drown'd in Tears,
Charg'd the Ladys there in years,
To tell truth if that hideous rore,
So Thunder-like sent,
From Audacious Fundament,
Could consist with their Virgin bore
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Who answering no,
All disputes fell too,
For now they believ'd it was reason,
To pass the matter of,
As a Joke, and in a Laugh,
Since they ne'er could make it High Treason;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

So that turning the Jest,
They agreed it at last,
That nought from the Presence did come,
But the noise that they heard,
Was some Yeoman o' the Guard,
That brought Dishes into the next Room;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

But the truth of the sound
Not at all could be found,
Since none but the doer could tell,
So that hushing up the Shame,
The Beef-eater bore the blame,
And the Queen, God be prais'd, din'd well;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FART; OR THE BEEF-EATERS APPEAL TO MR. DURFEY

Ye Peers that in State,
Now with Commons are met,
To right both the Weak and the Strong,
Prepare to redress
A poor Beef-eater's Case,
Who has had a most damnable wrong;
By a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Strange Jarring I know,
'Twixt the High-Church and Low,

Does your dear valu'd hours ingross,
Yet mine is such a case,
That I beg it may take place,
As soon as the Speaker is chose,
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

For tho' I'm no Lord,
Nor to Senate preferr'd,
Yet my Priviledge I'll maintain,
And as free-born of the Land,
You my wrong shall understand,
Which I here will undaunted explain;
Of a hum, hum, hum, hum.

The Fart you late heard,
Laid to one of the Guard,
That of late did the Court Surprise,
'Tis prov'd was not his,
As Informers did guess,
But a Females of his Jolly size;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

The thing came out thus,
Near to Buckingham House,
And the Motto all Fancies excelling,
Near the Ancient Pall-mall,
The Park, and Canal,
Two Buxom young Ladies were dwelling;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Related so near,
It does plainly appear,
That they both from one Bottom did come,
The one thin and lean,
As a Garden French Bean,
And the tother as round as a Drum;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

The Elder when dress'd,
And her Belly straight lac'd,
If she stoop'd from behind must Roar,
The Younger as frail,
If she laugh'd at any Tale,
Could not keep in the Juices before;
With a whisse hum, whisse hum.

Strange quarrels had past,
'Twixt the first and the last,
And many Tongue combats had been,
For the Youngest well knew,
'Twas her Sister that Blew,
The late Blast as she stood by the Queen;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

But letting that go,
Since Winds pass too and fro,
As Fate soon the Case made plain,
By a Visit they made,
To a haughty Court Jade,

Who a Page had to hold up her Train;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Who when at her Gate,
She the Sisters had met,
Bowing low with her back-bone crump,
As she gave a Salute,
Tother stooping to do't,
Gave a proof she was loose in her Rump;
By a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Which unfortunate noise,
Made her Sister rejoyce,
And as nothing more pleasing could come,
With a laugh screw'd so high,
She was ready to die,
As she follow'd her into the Room;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

But oh, dismal lot,
Her own Case she forgot,
For just as a filly Foal pisses,
When she romping does pass,
O'er the gay springing grass,
So the Room was Embroyder'd with S S.
And a whisse hum, whisse hum.

The Dame of the House,
That perceiv'd this abuse,
From Passion could not refrain,

As knowing what was dropp'd,
Could not easily be mopp'd,
Being mixt with a Stercus humain;
And a hum, hum, hum, hum.

And strongly perfum'd,
To Inform her presum'd,
How the Nymphs in the days of Yore,
Who were cleanly inclin'd,
Us'd a Cork for behind,
And a Spung for the Cranny before;
With a whisse hum, whisse hum.

Come Ractcliff, come Hans,
From the Vine, or from Manns,
Come Morley, to mend this matter,
And if these prove vain,
Come Occult Chamberlain,
Deep learn'd in the Secrets of Nature;
And a hum, hum, hum, hum.

Come Blackmore, come Mead,
Come Sir Willian Read,
Of late by the Soveraign grac'd,
And peeping in their Tails,
Quickly cure these Sisters ails,
Some five Inches under the wast,
Of a whisse hum, whisse hum.

And the Secret to trace,
Manage both private ways,
Tho' I mean not the ways of a Sinner,
That she who does Trump,
Through defect in her rump,
Never more may Perfume the Q——ns dinner;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

And she that is found,
To be Juicy and sound,
And each Night fills her two white Pots,
May no more by a gush,
That has oft made her blush,
Deck the Room with her true Lovers knots;
And a Whisse hum, whisse hum.

"NAY PISH, SIR! WHAT AILS YOU?"

[*c.* 1711]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), v. 305, 82; words by CLISSOLD; set by JOHN WILFORD].

Nay pish, nay pish, nay pish Sir, what ails you;
Lord! What is't you do?
I ne'er met with one so uncivil as you;
You may think as you please, but if Evil it be,
I wou'd have you to know, you're mistaken in me.
You Men now so rude, and so boistrous are grown,
A Woman can't trust her self with you alone:
I cannot but wonder what 'tis that shou'd move ye;
If you do so again, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear,
I swear I won't love ye.

"LAY ASIDE THE REAP-HOOK"

[*c.* 1715]

[From *The Mountebank or the Country Lass;* set by Mr. LEVERIDGE].

Lay aside the reap-Hook, Plow, and Cart,
And be merry, merry, merry, merry, merry
While we may, pretty smiling Lasses, bear a part,
Every Cheary, ever merry, never weary, let us play
To the Pipe, and Tune the Voice,
While ye Busy, busy, busy, busy World is in alarms,
Happy are we here from strife and Noise,
When the Lasses with their Kisses and Embraces
fill our Arms.

All round the May pole let us Dance
In a Jolly, Jolly, Jolly, Jolly, Jolly, Jolly, Ring,
To the merry Bagpipes lets Advance,
Let us Jump, and skip, and frisk, and leap, and
laugh, and kiss, and sing.

Then when we are weary let us lay
All our pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Girls upon
the grass,
Ready for the sport, they'll kiss and play,
Thus in Mirth, and Joy, and sweet delights, the
tune shall pass away.

"MAIDEN FRESH AS A ROSE"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 57; with music].

Maiden fresh as a Rose,
  Young buxome and full of jollity,
Take no Spouse among Beaux,
  Fond of their Raking quality;
He who wears a long bush,
  All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
And with Nose full of Snush,
  Snuffles out Love in a merry vein.

Who to Dames of high place,
  Do's prattle like any Parrot too,
Yet with Doxies a brace,
  At Night, piggs in a Garret too;
Patrimony out-run,
  To make a fine shew to carry thee,
Plainly Friend thou'rt undone,
  If such a Creature Marry thee.

Then for fear of a bribe,
  Of flattering noise and vanity,

Yoak a Lad of our Tribe,
  He'll shew thee best humanity;
Flashy, thou wilt find Love,
  In civil as well as secular,
But when Spirit doth move,
  We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,
  That boobys the more may venerate,
He that gets a Rich Bride,
  Can jump when he's to Generate;
Off then goes the disguise,
  To bed in his Arms he'll carry thee,
Then to be happy and wise,
  Take Yea and Nay to Marry thee.

AN EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE HONOURABLE CHARLES LEIGH

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 108; with music].

Draw, draw the Curtain, fye, make hast,
The panting Lovers long to be alone,
The precious Time no more in talking wast,
There's better Business going on;
Our Absence will their Wishes crown,
The next swift Moment's not too soon,
Our artful Song sounds like a Drone,
For now all Musick, but their own,
Is harsh, and out of Tune.

Now Love inflames the Bridegroom's Heart,
How weak, how poor a Charmer is the Flute;
And when the Bride's fair Eyes her Wishes dart,
How dully sounds the warbling Lute.
If this Divine, harmonious Bliss
Attends each happy Marriage Day,
Who such a blessed State would miss,
And such a charming Tune as this,
Who would not learn to play?

Oh, Joy too fierce to be exprest,
  Thou sweet Atoner of Life's greatest Pain,
By thee are Men with Love's dear Treasure blest,
  And Women still by losing gain.
Smile then divine, propitious Pow'rs,
  Upon this Pair let Blessings flow,
Let Care mix with their Sweets, not Sowers,
  But may succeeding Days and Hours
    Be charming all as now.

"CELEMENE, PRAY TELL ME"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 109; with music; set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL, sung by a Boy and Girl at the Play-house].

HE. Celemene, pray tell me,
Pray, pray tell me Celemene,
When those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see,
Why my Heart beats, beats, beats, beats in my Breast,
Why, why it will not, it will not, why, why, it will not let me rest:
Why this trembling, why this trembling too all o'er?
Pains I never, pains I never, never, never felt before:
And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your hand,
Why I wish, I wish, I wish, I was a Man?

SHE. How shou'd I know more than you?
Yet wou'd be a Woman too.
When you wash your self and play,
I methinks could look all day;

Nay, just now, nay, just now am pleas'd, am pleas'd so well,
Shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me, I won't tell,
Shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me, I won't tell.
No, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell.
Shou'd you kiss me I won't tell.

HE. Tho' I cou'd do that all day,
And desire no better play:
Sure, sure in Love there's something more,
Which makes Mamma so bigg, so bigg before.

SHE. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd,
Don't ask what, don't ask what, for I'm asham'd:
Stay but till you're past Fifteen,
Then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean,
Then you'll know what, then you'll know, what 'tis I mean.

HE. However, lose not present bliss,
But now we're alone, let's kiss:
But now we're alone let's kiss, let's kiss.

SHE. My breasts do so heave, so heave, so heave,

HE. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant;

SHE. There's Something, something, something more we want,
There's Something, something, something more we want.

"CELLADON, WHEN SPRING CAME ON"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), i. 179; with music; sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE in *The Country Miss with her Furbelow*].

Celladon, when Spring came on,
  Woo'd Sylvia in a Grove,
Both gay and young, and still he sung
  The sweet Delights of Love:
Wedded Joys in Girls and Boys,
  And pretty Chat of this and that,
The honey kiss, and charming Bliss
  That crowns the Marriage Bed;
He snatch'd her Hand, she blush'd and fann'd,
  And seem'd as if afraid,
Forbear, she crys, your fawning Lyes,
  I've vow'd to die a Maid.

Celladon at that began
  To talk of Apes in Hell,
And what was worse the odious Curse,
  Of growing old and stale,
Loss of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,

And offers kind, when none will mind,
The rosie Joy, and sparkling Eye,
Grown faded and decay'd,
At which when known, she chang'd her Tone,
And to the Shepherd said,
Dear Swain give o'er, I'll think once more,
Before I'll die a Maid.

PRETTY PEGG OF WINDSOR

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 128; with music].

The Infant Spring was shining,
With Greens and Cowslips gay,
The Sun was just declining,
To Bath him in the Sea:
When as o'er Windsor Hill I pass'd,
To view the prospect rare,
A lovely Lass sat on the Grass,
Whose Breath perfum'd the Air.

No more let Fame advance, Sir,
In London Jenny's praise;
For pretty Pegg of Windsor,
Excells her a Thousand ways:
For Face, for Skin,
For Shape, for Mein,
For Charming, charming Smile;
For Eye, and Thigh,
And something by,
A King would give an Isle.

The Courtier for her favour,
Would slight his Golden claims;
The Jacobite to have her,
Would quite Abjure King James;
The ruddy plump Judge,
That Circuit's do's trudge,
Would managing Tryals defer;
Post-pone a Cause,
And wrest the Laws,
To get but the managing her.

The General would leave Bombing,
Of Towns in hot Campaigns;
The Bishop his vum and Thumbing,
And plaguing his Learned Brains:
One fighting would mock,
And tother his Flock,
A pin for Religion or France;
This shun the Wars,
And that his Prayers,
If Peggy but gave a Glance.

The powder'd Playhouse Ninny,
With much less Brains than Hair,
That deals with Moll and Jenny,
And tawdry common Ware:
If Peggy once he,
Saw under a Tree,
With rosie Chaplets crown'd;

He'd roar, and scow'r,
And Curse the hour,
That e'er he saw London Town.

The Sailor us'd to Slaughter,
In Ships of Oak strong wall'd;
Whose Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
The French *jam foutres* mawl'd:
If Peggy once there,
Her Vessel should steer,
And give the rough Captain a blow;
He'd give his Eyes,
And next French Prize,
That he might but thump her so.

The Doctor her half Sainted,
For Cures controuling Fate;
That has warm Engines planted,
At many a Postern gate:
If Peggy once were ill,
And wanted his Skill,
He'd soon bring her to Death's door:
By Love made blind,
Slip from behind,
And make his Injection before.

The Cit that in old Sodom,
Sits Cheating round the Year;
And to my Lord, and Madam,

Puts off his Tarnisht ware:
This sneaking young Fop,
Would give his whole Shop,
To get pretty Peggy's good will;
To have her stock,
So close kept Lock'd,
And put in a Key to her Till.

Yet tho' she Hearts disposes,
And all things at her point;
Tho' London Jenny's Nose is,
Like others out of Joynt:
Yet she has one fault,
Which Jenny has not,
Who Loves happy Laws has obey'd;
For Peggy does slight,
And starve her delight,
To keep the dull Name of a Maid.

CUCKOLDS ALL

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iv. 77; with music].

Not long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed,
'Twixt sleeping and waking, this Maggot came in my Head,
VVhich caus'd me in the Mind to be, the meaning for to know,
VVith Skill and VVit, and then I writ of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Methoughts I heard a Man and's VVife, as they together lay,
Being quite void of strife, she thus to him did say,
Quoth she, Sweet-heart, if thou wilt Sport, my Love, to thee I'll show
A pretty thing shall make thee sing of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Peace VVife, quoth he to her again, I'm sure thou dost but Jest,
Altho' I am Cornuted plain, I am no common Beast;

Yet ev'ry VVoman's like to thee, for ought that
I do know,
And each Man may be like to me, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

There's neither Lord, nor Gentleman, Citizen, or
Clown,
That liveth in the City, or the Country Town,
But may carry Horns about them, tho' they them
never blow,
For Gallants are like other Men, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your Tradesmen in the City, that sells by VVeight
and Measure,
Perhaps may wear a horned Brow, for Profit or
for Pleasure,
VVhen they to sell their VVares begin, that
make so great a show,
Their VVives may play at In and In, *Cuckolds
all a-row.*

Your Country prating Lawyers that gets the Devil
and all,
That Pleads every Term in *Westminster Hall,*
His VVife in the Country, for ought that he does
know,
May let his Client have a Fee, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

The Parson of the Parish I hope shall not go free,
VVhile he is in his Study, another may be

A dandling of his VVife, and do the thing you know,
And make him wear his Corner'd Cap, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

If any one offended be, and think I do him wrong,
For naming of a Cuckold, in this my merry Song,
Let him subscribe his Name, and eke his Dwelling show,
And he and I will soon agree, like *Cuckolds all a-row.*

"A GENTLE BREEZE FROM THE LAVINIAN SEA"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iii. 213].

A Gentle Breeze from the Lavinian Sea,
Was gliding o'er the Coast of Sicily;
When lull'd with soft Repose, a prostrate Maid,
Upon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:
Her Soul was all tranquile and smooth with Rest,
Like the harmonious Slumbers of the Blest.
Wrapp'd up in Silence, innocent she lay,
And press'd the Flow'rs with Touch as soft as they.

My thoughts in gentless Sounds she did impart,
Heighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;
And as I sung, I grasped her yielding Thighs,
'Till broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs:
I kiss'd and wish'd, and forag'd all her store,
Yet wallowing in the Pleasure, I was poor;
No kind Relief my Agonies could ease,
I groan'd, and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The trembling Nymph all o'er Confusion lay,

Her melting Looks in sweet Disorder play;
Her Colour varys, and her Breath's oppress'd,
And all her Faculties are dispossess'd,
At last impetuously her Pulses move,
She gives a mighty Loose to stifled Love;
Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,
Alas! and thus in soft Convulsions dies.

JOHN AND JOAN

[1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), iv. 192; with music].

If't please you for to hear,
And listen a while what I shall tell;
I think I must draw near,
Or else you won't hear me well:
There was a Maid the other Day,
Which in her Master's Chamber lay;
As Maidens they must not refuse,
In Yeomens Houses thus they use
In a Truckle-bed to lye,
Or another standing by:
Her Master and her Dame,
Said she shou'd do the same.

This Maid cou'd neither rest nor Sleep,
When that she heard the Bed to crack;
Her Master Captive busie was,
Her Dame cry'd out, you hurt my Back:
Oh Husband you do me wrong,
You've lain so hard my Breast upon;

You are such another Man,
You'd have me do more than I can:
Tush Master, then says *Joan,*
Pray let my Dame alone;
What a devilish Squalling you keep,
That I can neither rest nor Sleep.

This was enough to make a Maiden sick
And full of Pain;
She begins to Fling and Kick,
And swore she'd rent her Smock in twain:
But you shall hear anon,
There was a Man his Name was *John,*
To whom this Maid she went alone,
And in this manner made her moan;
I prithee *John* tell me no Lie,
What ails my Dame to Squeak and Cry?
I prithee *John* tell me the same,
What is't my Master gives my Dame?

It is a Steel, quoth *John,*
My Master gives my Dame at Night:
Altho' some fault she find,
I'm sure it is her Heart's Delight:
And you *Joan* for your part,
You love one withal your Heart:
Yes, marry then quoth *Joan,*
Therefore to you I make my moan;
If that I may be so bold,

Where are these things to be sold?
At *London* then said *John,*
Next Market day I'll bring thee one.

What will a good one cost,
If I shou'd chance to stand in need?
Twenty Shillings, says *John,*
And for Twenty Shillings you may speed:
Then *Joan* she ran unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him Twenty Shillings just;
John, said she, here is your Coin,
And I pray you have me in your Mind:
And out of my Love therefore,
There is for you two Shillings more;
And I pray thee honest *John Long,*
Buy me one that's Stiff and Strong.

To Market then he went,
When he had the Money in his Purse;
He domineer'd and vapour'd,
He was as stout as any Horse:
Some he spent in Ale and Beer,
And some he spent upon good Cheer;
The rest he brought home again,
To serve his turn another time:
Welcome home honest *John,*
God a mercy gentle *Joan;*
Prithee *John* let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a Steel.

Yes, marry then quoth *John,*
And then he took her by the Hand;
He led her into a Room,
Where they cou'd see neither Sun nor Moon:
Together *John* the Door did clap,
He laid the Steel into her Lap:
With that *Joan* began to feel,
Cuts Foot, quoth she, 'tis a dainty Steel:
I prithee tell me, and do not lye,
What are the two Things hang thereby?
They be the two odd Shillings, quoth *John,*
That you put last into my Hand:
If I had known so much before,
I wou'd have giv'n thee two Shillings more.

THE COMICAL DREAMER

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 237; with music].

Last Night a Dream came into my Head,
Thou wert a fine white Loaf of Bread;
Then if May Butter I cou'd be,
How I wou'd spread,
Oh! how I wou'd spread my self on thee:
This Morning too my Thoughts ran hard,
That you were made a cool Tankard;
Then cou'd I but a Lemon be,
How I wou'd squeese,
Oh! how I wou'd squeese my Juice in thee.

Lately when Fancy too did roam,
Thou wert my dear, a Honey-comb;
And had I been a pretty Bee,
How I wou'd suck,
Oh! how I wou'd creep, creep into thee:
A Vision too I had of old,
That thou a Mortar wert of Gold;
Then cou'd I but the Pestle be,

How I wou'd pound,
Oh! how I wou'd pound my Spice in thee.

Once too my Dream did Humour take,
Thou wert a Bowl of Hefford's Rack;
Z—— cou'd I then the Ladle be,
How wou'd I pour,
Oh! how wou'd I pour out Joys from thee.
Another time by Charm divine,
I dreamt thou wert an Orchard fine;
Then cou'd I but thy Farmer be,
How I wou'd plant,
Oh! how I wou'd plant my Fruit in thee.

Soon after Whims came in my Pate,
Thou wert a Pot of Chocolate;
And cou'd I but the Rowler be,
How wou'd I rub,
Oh! how wou'd I twirl, and froth up thee:
But since all Dreams are vain my Dear,
Let now some solid Joy appear;
My Soul still thine is prov'd to be, let body now,
Let Body now with Soul agree.

"A GRASHOPPER AND A FLY"

[*c.* 1719]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 276; with music; set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL].

A Grashopper, and a Fly,
In Summer hot and dry,
In eager Argument were met,
About, about Priority:

Says the Fly to the Grashopper,
From mighty Race I spring,
Bright Phœbus was my Dad, 'tis known,
And I Eat and Drink with a King.

Says the Grashopper to the Fly,
Such Rogues are still, still preferr'd;
Your Father might be of high Degree,
But your Mother was but a Turd, a Turd, a Turd.

CHORUS

So Rebel Jemmy Scot,
So Rebel Jemmy Scot,
That did to Empire soar;

His Father might be the Lord knows what,
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
But his Mother we knew a whore, a whore,
a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a
whore, a whore;
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
But his Mother we knew a whore, a whore,
a whore, a whore.

"IN A SELLER AT SODOM"

[*c.* 1719]

[A Catch from *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), ii. 297; with music; set by Doctor BLOW].

In a Seller at Sodom, at the Sign of the T—,
Two buxom young Harlots were drinking with L—;
Some say they were his Daughters, no matter for that,
They're resolv'd they would souse their old Dad with a Pot;
All fluster'd and bousie, the Doting old Sot,
As great as a Monarch between 'em was got;
Till the Eldest and Wisest thus open'd the Plot,
Pray shew us dear Daddy how we were begot;
Godzoukes, you young Jades, 'twas the first Oath I wot,
The Devil of a Serpent this Humour has taught;
No matter, they cry'd, you shall Pawn for the shot,
Unless you will shew us how we were begot.

"NOW ROGER, AND HARRY, AND SUSAN, AND NAN"

[*c.* 1720]

[From *The Mountebank or the Country Lass*; set by Mr. LEVERIDGE].

Now Roger, and Harry, and Susan, and Nan,
And Kattern, and Mary and Thomas and Jane,
Take hands in a Ring and let's trip it away,
For this is the tune we shou'd frolick and Play,
With Songs, & with Dances we'll raise our Delight,
We'll Revell all Day and we'll love all the Night,
And laugh at the Courtier, whose love does soon cloy,
May Envy the Pleasures we Shepherds enjoy.

The Girls that we have tho' they're homely and brown,
They're better by half than the Flirts of the Town,
Tho' hard are their features and Tawny their skin,
They're cleanly without and they're wholsome within,
They're Youthful and healthy, they're Sprightly and Gay,

They're Blooming and Fresh as a Rose bud in
May.
Of the Pleasures they give we may take a full
swing,
For they are all sweetness, the Town ones all
Sting.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WIDDOW AND A RAKE

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music; set by Mr. CLARKE].

Widdow. O my poor husband, for ever he's gone,
Alas, alas, alas I'm undone,
I sigh, and I moan, must I these cold nights lye alone?
Alas I'm undone.
I did what I list, we kist, we kist till his Vigour he mist,
And his Jolly fat Face grew as small as my Fist,
& his Calves, his poor Calves, as thin as my Wrist,
We wrangled, and Jangled, when in an ill Mood,
But a Nights like two Pigons we Bill'd, and we Coo'd,
We whiskt, and we friskt, a lack, & a lack.
Why must he for ever, Why must he for ever, now lie on his Back?

Rake. Why Widdow, why Widdow, why Widdow, what makes thee so sad?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, art thou mad,
If one Husband's dead, there are more to be had.
Come, I'le be thy Honey, leave keeping a Pother,
One Man like one Nail serves to drive out another.

Wid. How talk so to me, what think you I'll wed,
'Tis scarce a Month yet since my poor Husband's dead,
A Month! tis an Age, you're mad to delay;
Most Widdows now chuse e'er the Funeral day,
Not I, I'll ne'er do't, Lord what would People say,
Thay'l say you'r a Woman, come of with this Black;
Come, come, come, come off, come, come of with this Black.
See, see here's a shape, here's an Arm, here's a Leg, here's a Back,
I'll get ye with Twins, till a Hundred & Ten.

Wid. You lie, goe, you'l talk at another rate then.

Rake. Then try me. (*Wid.*) leave fooling.

Rake. I'll do't by this kiss, by this, this, & this,
I'll be hang'd if I miss.
Wid. Lard shou'd I do this!
Rake. 'T will ease you of pain.
Wid. Go, go, you're a sad man.

CHORUS

Ay, do if you can, ay do if you can, ay do,
do, do,
I'll kill thee with Kindness. I'll kill thee
with Kindness,
I'll kill ye, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee,
I'll do, do, do, do, if you can, ay do, do,
do, do, do, do, do, if you can.
Kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindness, I'll
kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindness.

"SAYS DICKY TO DOLLY, I LOVE THEE SO WELL"

[*c.* 1720]

[From *The Virgin Sacrifice;* set by Mr. TURNER].

Says Dicky to Dolly, I love thee so well,
That I'll teach thee more wit than to lead Apes in Hell,
The Honey, Quothe he,
If mine thou wilt be,
No longer deny me,
But come and sit by me;
My Lambs and my Kids, my Cattle and Kine,
My Piggs and my Sow, and my all shall be thine.

What tho' I can't keep thee a Coach and a Chaise,
Nor dress thee in Silk, but plain Russet and Frize,
I'll give thee the Joys,
Of Sweet Girls and Boys;
Let Knights, Lords and Ladies,
Boast their half gotten Babies,
Not puny young Squire, nor Miss in her Pride,
Can match the Stout Bantlings by a Country fire Side.

Tho' wak'd with the Lark, I cant lye till Noon,
By my Puggy's dear Side like ye drones of the Town,
Ne'er fear my sweet Joy,
The Jolly brisk Boy,
When merrily Jogging,
Home to the Brown Noggin,
Thou from milking the Cows, & I from the Plough,
We'el laugh & we'el frolick, upon the Hay-Mow.

Thus heartily wood, by her Dicky so stout,
The melting poor Thing, cou'd no longer hold out,
But tickled and pleas'd
Her fancy so rais'd,
She heav'd, and She panted
For Something She wanted;
Whilst to hear her dear Dick such a brisk Lad of Mettle,
She Simper'd & smil'd like a *Furmity Kettle.*

JOHN AND NELL

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

As Nell sate underneath her Cow
Upon a Cock of Hay,
Brisk John was coming from his Plough,
And chanc'd to pass that way.
Like Light'ning to the Maid he flew,
And by the hand he squeez'd her,
Pray John, she cry'd, be quiet, Do,
And frown'd because he teiz'd her.

Cupid from his Mother's knee,
Observ'd her female Pride.
Go on and prosper John (says he),
And I will be your Guide,
Then aim'd at Nelly's breast a dart,
From Pride it soon releas'd her,
She faintly cry'd, I feel love's smart,
And sigh'd because it eas'd her.

John laid himself down by her side,
And stole a kiss or two,

And Flattry's Charm he also try'd,
'Till she the kinder grew,
The Poison soon began to spread,
And in the Nick he seiz'd her,
She trembled, blush'd, and hung her head,
Then smil'd—because he pleas'd her.

JOHN THE MILLER

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Catch with music].

John ask'd his Landlady, thinking no ill,
Where he might best set up a Water-mill;
The wanton Lady seeing John all alone,
Return'd this answer to her Tenant *John:*
Would'st thou all others thy Mill should disgrace?
Then 'twixt my Legs will be the fittest Place;
For I at time of need can from behind,
When water fails before, supply't with wind.

THE PLEASURES OF BELSIZE

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Lords and Ladies who deal in the sport of Fa,
la, la....
Practis'd at Court, Drive to Belsize
And there you may meet with Fa, la, la...
Pleasures most sweet—
Hunting, Carding, Dice, women and wine,
With Fa, la, la,... Dancing so fine,
Beauteous Toll, doll, do roll...
Damsels, Patch'd and drest very rich,
Germans laid very rich, both without Coyn.

Scarlett Captains who ne'er were in pay,
There Fa, la, &c.... Strut and look Gay,
Gamesters, waiting, like Vultures, to prey,
On Fa, la, &c.... Dunces that play.
Phillis, there, may intrigue with her Spark,
And Ha, ha, &c.... kiss in the dark.
At her Toll, doll do roll, &c.... Beckon,
Lovers, woo as they please,
And may do as they please,
In the sweet Park.

SYLVIA A MAY ROLLING

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Curiosity made Sylvia Seek the various Flowers
of May
When Spring the op'ning Buds does break in
Blossoms sweet and Gay.
Her pleas'd & lovely Eyes intent, a Beautious
Bank Espied,
Where Curious nature Chiefly meant to Manifest
her Pride.

Hard by the Brooks and murmuring stream,
The Silver Current Plaid,
And Phœbus with his brightest Beams.
The Morning had aray'd,
The whispring Zephyrs gently blow,
A cool and Pleasant Breeze,
To shake the Clustring perly Dews
From of the verdant Trees.

Delighted was the Rural Maid,
And did her Joys Express,

To see each Meadow and each glade,
Adornd in such a dress,
Her snowy Fingers call'd and wrest,
The Flowers of the Mead,
To make a Posie for her Brest,
That did their sweets exceed.

But Musing as she walk'd along,
She heard with great Surprize,
Soft accents break in to a Song,
But where could not devize,
She cast her beamy Eyes around,
And thought that from the Shade,
Proceeded the Harmonious sound,
That did her ease invade.

The melting voice did please so well
That unalarm'd by fear,
Down on a Flow'ry Bank she fell
And lent her Ravish'd Ear,
O Love O Nature then she cry'd,
What Strength can Woman boast
When you much Greater do provide,
That wee may quite be lost.

At this young Strephon Strait appeard.
How Great was then her Joy,
How Small how careless was the fear
This did her Breast imploy,

He wondring saw her Case was such,
To Blush and then turn Pale,
But then he ail'd himself to much,
To ask what She did ail.

Confus'd he Press'd her in his Arms
She knew not what he did,
She gave up all her Virgin Charms,
And nothing could forbid,
To Gather Flowers the pretty Maid,
Came Innocently Thither,
Tho some malitious Tongues have said,
'Twas to be Gather'd rather.

"STATE AND AMBITION"

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Medley-song with music].

State and Ambition, all Joy to great Cæsar,
  Sawny shall ne'er be my Colly, my Cow; all hail
To the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
  & call upon Dobin with a hi, ie, ho:
Remember Ye Whigs what was formerly done,
  And Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat,
If I live to grow old for I find I grow down
  For I cannot come ev'ry day to woo.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler Tom Farthing,
  And Jockey & Jenny together did lie:
Oh Mother Roger: Boys fill us a Bumper,
  For why will ye die my poor Cælia, ah why.
Hark, how thund'ring Cannons do roar,
  Ladies of London, both wealthy & Fair;
Charon make haste and ferry me o'er
  Lilli burler, bullen a lah.

Chloris awake; Fourpence-half-penny-Farthing,
Give me the Lass that is true Country-bred.
Like John of Gaunt, I walk in Covent-Garden,
I am a Maid and a very good Maid:
Twa bonny Lads was Sawny & Jockey,
The delights of the Bottle & charms of good wine,
Wading the Water so deep my sweet Maggy
Cold & Raw; let it run in the right Line.

Old Obediah Sing Ave Maria,
Sing Lulla-by Baby with a Dildo,
The old Woman & her Cat sat by the Fire,
Now this is my Love, d'y' like her ho,
Old Charon thus preach'd to his Pupil Achillis.
And under this Stone here lies Gabriel John,
Happy was I at the Sight of Fair Phillis,
What should a young Woman do with an old man.

There's Old Father Peters with his Romish Creatures,
There was an old Woman sold Pudding & Pies,
Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with wonder,
Joace lov'd a Lass that had bright rowling Eyes,
Theres my Maid Mary, She does mind her Dairy,
I took to my Heels and way I did run,
And bid her prepare to be happy to Morrow,
Alas, I dont know the right end of a Gun.

My Life and Death does lye both in your Pow'r,
And every Man to his mind Shrewsbury forne,
On a Bank of a Brook I Sat Fishing,
Shall I die a Maid now and ne'er married be.
Uds bobs let Oliver now be forgotten,
Joan is as good as my Lady in the dark,
Cuckolds are Christian Boys all the World over,
And here's a full Bumper to Robin John Clarke.

THE MASQUERADE BALLAD

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Ladies that are Witty:
Alas! this year they're at an end,
And is not that great Pity.
The Ladies wear large Hoops,
With design to show their Legs:
Next winter, they'll show something else,
And stand upon their Heads.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For the Young the Old the Witty:
And now's become a Rendevouz,
For Ladies that are Pretty:
At Change they job for Money,
But traffic here for Hearts:
The Fairest Nymphs are willing,
To show you their best Parts.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Courtiers, O! they're witty:

For a certain Friend did make great Sport
With a Mad Woman so Pretty:
He gently press'd her Hand,
Her air and Mein approv'd,
And begg'd She'd withdraw with him
Because the Spirit Moo'd.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Ladies that are willing:
For there they sigh and there they Coo,
Like Doves full fondly billing.
Your Chimney-Sweepers with an Air.
Cry, sweep your Chimneys clean:
And shou'd you meet a Scavenger,
He'd tell you what they mean.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Ladies in distress:
For there they may meet a good thing,
Tho' in a female dress.
A Scaramouch is nimble,
Tho' lazy he appears:
An' if you try an old Man,
He'll do't beyond his Years.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For those that wou'd shoot flying:
For there you'll meet with Ladies,
Who're not afraid of dying.

There's Running Footmen Plenty,
Who do their Ladies Work,
And if you are for changing,
You'll find an able Turk.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
Cou'd I explain it well!
For there you'll meet diversion,
That nothing can excell.
At Eight a Clock they meet,
And dance themselves to please;
For it kindles Soft desire
To give a gentle Squeeze.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
If you wou'd Stir your Blood!
For there you'll meet Variety,
And most think that is good:
You'll meet with Swains in Night gowns,
Drest ready for the Field:
And they cant want a Shepherdess,
That will with Pleasure yield.

O! [a] Masquerade's a fine Place,
For giving a bold Stroke:
And if you'd find a Great Man,
Then search beneath a Cloak:
The whimsical Hoop Petticoat,
Most strangely does Perplex:

For you may be deceiv'd in
Courting of the wrong Sex.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Men of Taste and Pleasure:
Since here they may divert themselves,
And purchase unknown Treasure:
For a Guinea and a Crown Sir,
You'll—win a haughty Dame!
Who if she had her Mask off,
Wou'd answer with Disdain.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For opening of your Cases:
For here you'll get your business done,
And never show your Faces:
Here is good store of Lawyers,
That take a private Fee,
But they'll do nothing blindly,
Faith you must let them see.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Carriers that love Jogging:
And shou'd they meet a Milk maid,
They wou'd not fail of Flogging.
The sprightly Harlequin,
Exerts his Manly Parts,
And never fails to strike his Sword
To pierce the Ladies Hearts.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For a Fryar that is Jolly:
For here he may confess a Nun,
And ease her Melancholly:
Shou'd you meet an ancient Father,
Who calls himself Old Time.
He'll give you good advice, Child,
That you may not lose your Prime.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For a Devil that is merry:
For here he may draw Sinners in,
And dance the new Vagary:
And if you meet an Adam,
He won't your wish deceive,
For he'll use you as kindly,
As once your Mother Eve.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Lovers in Disguise:
They'll show you pretty Trinkets,
And catch you by—Surprize.
You'll meet with lusty Skippers,
As nimble as a Bee,
What tho' the Dutch are heavy,
Yet these are brisk you'll see.

O! [a] Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Spaniards tho' they're grave:

And tho' they move but slowly,
They will your longing save:
You'll meet a Jolly Highlander,
Will do your business well;
For they're not soon a weary,
If all be truth they tell.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
If you want to fill your Belly:
For here is meat of all sorts,
From Woodcock down to Jelly,
In one Burset, is Burgundy,
In t'other is Champain,
As soon as twelve a Clock is struck,
They run to eat amain.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For should you be found out,
Do but clap on a Domino,
And then you're Safe no doubt.
Step but aside there's Mrs. Long,
So famous in the Town,
And she will soon equip you—
If you tip her half a Crown.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
Did you know what is done there:
For Ladies in a Mask will
Speak English without Fear.

When you are tir'd with dancing,
You may sit down and chat,
And tell a thousand pretty tales,
And do—I wont say what.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Hei—ger gets Wealth:
For there he cheats you bravely,
And there you cheat your self.
But he designs next Winter,
To make the Place so fine,
He'll hang it all with Damask
Where Mirrours brightly shine.

O! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
For Ladies that are witty:
And now alas theyr'e at an end,
And is not that great Pity.

THE MARRIAGE WHIM

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song by Mr. Jos. GRAVES; with music].

Some say that Marriage life is best,
And some that are wise make a Doubt on't,
Those that are Noos'd do all protest
They glad should Be to gett out Ont.

Women can never Cease their Clacks
Their whole delight is to teaze yee,
They are Ne're pleas'd but when on their Backs,
And only there they are Easy.

"AS JOCKEY AND JENNY TOGETHER WAS LAID"

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

As Jockey and Jenny together was laid,
Jockey was happy, no less seem'd the Maid.
She often did Sigh, and cry'd, Jockey with thee
My life tho' in Bondage wou'd seem to be free.
Jockey for Jenny who often did Burn,
Did Sigh to her Sighs and kind Language return,
There's no Pair so happy so much of one Mind,
As Jockey to Jenny to Jenny inclin'd.

Content with each other in humble retreat,
They court not new Beauties, nor envy the great;
He'l not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her swain,
For Pleasures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.
Come all you gay Courtiers who greatness admire,
And shine in gilt Coaches with pompous atire,
Regard the true pleasure this couple enjoys,
For Jockey to Jenny to Jenny ne're cloys.

While you quit your Silvia for Cloes bright eyes,
Aminta persue, you fair Cloe despise,
When one Nymph's undone you another undoe,
And rambling the Fair does the same thing by you,
Till Nature grows weary, decriped, and poor,
Not aged, but quite has exhausted her store,
Tis Jockey and Jenny enjoy the true taste,
Be constant like us and your pleasures will last.

BEAUTY AND DESIRE

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

All the materials are the same,
  Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair Woman's Goodly Frame
No Brightness is without a Flame;
  No Flame without a Fire.
Then tell me what those Creatures are
Who wou'd be thought both Chast and Fair.

If on her Neck her Hair be spread,
  With many a curious Ring;
That Heat, which serves to curl her Head
Will make her mad to be a Bed
  And do another Thing.
    Then tell me, &c.

If Modesty itself appear
  With Blushes in her Face,
Think you the Blood that dances there,
Can revel it no other where?
  Or warm no other Place?
    Then tell me, &c.

Ask but of her Philosophy,
  What gives her Lips the Balm?
What makes her Breasts to heave so high?
What spirits give Motion to her Eye,
  And moisture to her palm?
    Then tell me, &c.

Then, Celia, be not coy, for that
  Betrays thyself and thee;
There's not a Beauty nor a Grace,
Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,
  But pleads within for me.
Then tell me what those Women are
Who wou'd be thought both Chast and Fair.

THE JOLLY YOUNG SWAIN

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

A Nymph of the Plain
By a Jolly Young Swain,
Was addrest to be kind;
But relentless I find
To his Pray'rs she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd
  In a manner so soft,
  So engageing, so sweet,
  As soon might persuade
  Her his Passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express;
But he lov'd to excess,
And he swore he should dye,
Unless she would comply
  In a manner, &c.

While blushes like Roses,
That nature composes,

Vermilion'd her Face,
With an Air and a grace,
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd
In a manner, &c.

When wak'd from the Ioy,
Which their Souls did employ,
From her Sweet ruby Lips,
Thousand odorous sips;
Then amaz'd at her Eyes,
Says he faints and he dyes
In a manner, &c.

But how they shou'd part,
Now became all their smart,
Till he vow'd to his fair,
That to ease his own care,
He wou'd meet her again,
And till then be in pain
In a manner, &c.

"COME NEIGHBOURS NOW WE'VE MADE OUR HAY"

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Come Neighbours now we've made our Hay,
And the sun in hast drives to the West,
With Sports, with Sports conclude the Day:
Let ev'ry Man choose out his Lass,
And then salute her on the Grass.

CHORUS

And when you find she's coming kind,
Let not the moment pass.
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
With true love and honour,
To all kind, kind, kind loving Girls.

At night when round the Hall we sit
With good brown bowls, to cheer our souls,
And raise a merry, merry Chat:
When blood grows warm and love runs high,
And tongues about the Table fly;
Then we retreat, and that repeat,
Which all would gladly try, &c.

Let lasie Great ones of the Town,
Drink Night away and sleep all Day,
Till Gouty, Gouty they are grown:
Our daily work, such vigour gives,
That Nightly sports we oft revive;
And kiss our Dames, with stronger Flames,
Than any Prince alive, &c.

"AS I WAS WALKING, I HEARD A MAID TALKING"

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music; the words by Mr. ESTCOURT].

As I was walking, I heard a Maid talking,
Oh I coud, how I coud, oh I coud, now I coud,
As I was walking, I heard a Maid talking,
Oh I coud do it with Pleasure:
Tall was her shape, she tript like a Fairy,
Up and down, ripe and Brown,
Sprightly and Airy:
Advancing I call'd her my life and my Treasure,
Pray Sir forbear, I dont know what you mean.
Pretty lass I am afraid
That thou wilt die a Maid.
Oh that's a sad Case said She,
Pray Sir how can that be
Now you and I are together?
Prethee, come into the Grove,
The prettyest place for Love,
There weel Act between us Adonis and Venus,
No, no, Sir, not so hasty Neither.

Clasping her wast, I kist her in hast,
I hug'd her, I tug'd her, I lug'd her, I mou'd her,
I made her Cheeks glow, and I Nuz'ld her Breast,
I was for taking the Fort of Monioy.
Leaning upon my Armes sighing and panting,
Oh my dear, nay my dear, fy my dear, pray my dear,
Nature did never disclose such pleasure.
She look'd like the Queen of Love, I like her Boy,
In this dear Confusion Blest, the pretty Rouge fell down,
Guess if you can the Sight,
Twas such a dear delight,
I Blest the time that I mett her,
Watching like an Engineer, what Breach was in the town,
Rusl'd upon her,
And once or twice won her,
And both of us parted much better.

THE DREAM

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, v. 104; the music by HANDEL].

Beneath a shady Willow,
Hard by a purling Stream,
A Mossy Bank my Pillow,
I fancy'd in a Dream,
That I the charming Phillis
Did eagerly embrace;
Her Breast as white as Lillies,
And *Rosamonda's* Face.

What ecstacies of Pleasure
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treasure
She blest her am'rous Swain:
Cou'd nought our Joys discover,
And I my Dream believe,
I so cou'd sleep for ever,
And still be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain would have eluded
The melancholy Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring
So exquisite a Pain;
The Wound is past all curing,
That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

"AFTER THE PANGS OF A DESPERATE LOVER"

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, i. 100; set by Mr. GALLIARD].

After the Pangs of a desperate Lover
When Day and Night I have sigh'd in vain,
Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!
Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!

When with Unkindness our Love at a Stand is,
And both have punish'd ourselves with the Pain,
Ah, what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is!
Ah, what a Pleasure to press it again!
Ah, what a Pleasure, &c.

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah, what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a Trembling does usher my Joy!
Ah, what a Trembling, &c.

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain;
Ah, what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expressing!
Ah, what a Joy to hear, *Shall we again?*
Ah, what a Joy, &c.

TO FLORA DREST

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, i. 12; words by Mr. BAKER, set by Mr. TENOE].

Why art thou drest, my lovely Maid!
In Gold and Gems, and rich Brocade,
When Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,
Conceal thy Charms, my lovely Maid!
Why spends't thou all this Time and Care,
To form thy Shape, to fold thy Hair?
Thy Shape unbrac'd, thy flowing Hair,
More beauteous are without thy Care.

Wou'ds't thou, indeed, be finely drest?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breast:
Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breast,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely drest.
Remove these Vestments all away,
Which like dark Clouds obscure the Day:
O! let them not obscure thy Day:
Remove them all, my Fair! away!

Then shining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
Transported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

JOHN AND SUSAN

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, iii. 47; tune, *Of Noble Race was Shinkin*].

'Twas in the Land of Cyder,
At a Place call'd *Brampton-Byron*,
Such a Prank was play'd,
Twixt Man and Maid,
That all the Saints cry'd Fie on.

For gentle *John* and *Susan*
Were oft at Recreation:
To tell the Truth
This vig'rous Youth
Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
Brisk John was at her Crupper;
He got in her Geers
Five times before Pray'rs,
And six times after Supper.

John being well provided
So closely did solace her,

That Susan's Waiste,
So slackly lac'd,
Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace, Sir,

But when the Knight perceived
That Susan had been Sinning,
And that this Lass
For want of Grace,
Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning:

To cleanse the House from Scandal,
And filthy Fornication;
Of all such crimes,
To shew the Times
His utter Detestation:

He took both Bed and Bolster,
Nay Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows,
With *Johnny's* Frock,
And *Susan's* Smock,
And burnt 'em in the Kiln-house;

And ev'ry vile Utensil,
On which they had been wicked,
As Chairs, Joint-stools
Old Trunks, Close-stools,
And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.

But had each Thing defiled
Been burnt at *Brampton-Bryon*,
We all must grant,
The Knight would want,
Himself a Bed to lye on.

MY APRON, DEARY

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, iii. 74; with music].

'Twas forth in a Morning, a Morning of May,
A Soldier and his Mistress were walking astray;
And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
I heard a Lass cry, *My Apron now!*

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother;
But I was a young Thing, and easy to wooe,
And my Belly bears up *my Apron now.*

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,
Is something the shorter, tho' naething the less;
I only was wi' thee a Night or Two,
And yet you cry out, *My Apron now!*

THE POWER OF LOVE

[*c.* 1729]

[From *The Musical Miscellany*, ii. 177, with music; set by Mr. GALLIARD].

At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep
The peaceful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip;
Love led the Nymph a-stray.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to asswage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys:
At such an Hour, in such a Place,
What Lover cou'd contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave:
The cruel Stars unmov'd, look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor wou'd her Honour save.

Vanquish'd at last, by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;

No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd and dy'd away.

Yet blest the Grove, her conscious Flight,
And Youth, that did betray;
And panting, dying with Delight,
She blest the kind transporting Night,
And curs'd approaching Day.

CLOE'S PRECAUTION

[1731]

[From *Windsor Medley*, p. 58].

Forgive me, *Venus*, if I tell,
What on thy sacred Eve befel;
When happy, if forbid to boast,
Much of the Happiness is lost.
Cloe, a Nymph of matchless Mien,
Who long the reigning Toast had been,
Of all the Wits, and Rakes, and Smarts,
That prowl, to prey on Virgins Hearts;
Yet ever to her Honour true,
Unless—what's that?—with one or two.
One night as we together sat,
Passing the smiling Hours in chat,
We took a Glass—'twas pretty late.
The Nymph relax'd, her Eyes confess'd,
Her Virtue scarce would stand the test.
Love, Wine, or both, had fill'd her Head,
The Spies were sent away to bed;
Spight of her Pride, the engaging she,
Avow'd a Passion—and for me.
Then let's to bed—you shan't,—I will;

Dont offer't, for I vow I'll squeal.
Child, if you do, 'twill be all one.
Nay, then,—but keep your Breeches on;
Agreed,—'twas done as soon as said,
I in my Breeches—went to bed.

THE RAVISH'D LOVER

[*c.* 1736]

[A Broadside Song with music].

When Fanny blooming fair
  First met my ravish'd Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air,
  I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
  Admiring ev'ry part,
I every feature prais'd,
  She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
  Young smileing Loves appear,
There Cupid basking lyes,
  His Shafts are hoarded there:
Her Blooming cheeks are dy'd
  With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
  Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess
  The lucky hand of Jove,

Her Features all express,
  The Beautious Queen of Love.
What Flames my Nerves invade,
  When I behold the Breast
Of that too lovely Maid,
  Rise suing to be prest.

Venus round Fanny's waste,
  Hath her own Cestus Bound,
With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
  Who sport the circle round;
How happy will he be,
  Who shall her Zone unlose;
That bliss to all but me
  May Heav'n and she refuse.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE

[*c.* 1740]

[By JAMES OSWALD; a Broadside Song with music].

Beneath the Myrtles secret Shade
When Delia blest my Eyes,
At first I view'd the lovely Maid
In silent soft surprize:
With trembling Voice, and Anxious Mind,
I softly whisper'd Love,
She blush'd a Smile so sweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove;
Did all my fears remove.

Her lovely yielding form I prest,
Sweet Maddening Kisses stole;
And soon her sweming Eyes confest,
The wishes of her Soul:
In wild tumultuous Bliss I cry,
O Delia now be kind,
She prest me close and with a Sigh,
To melting joys resign'd;
To melting joys resign'd.

THE UNNATURAL PARENT;

OR

THE VIRGINS LAST RESOLVE

[*c.* 1750]

[Sung by Mr. BEARD at Ranelagh].

Ye Virgins who do listen to whate'er your
Mothers say,
Be rul'd by me,
And let's agree
No longer to obey.
For I've been snub'd, and I've been drub'd,
'Till I've been black and blue;
But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
I wish I may dye if I do.

Both Night and Day she prates away,
About my being Nice,
But I declare 'twould make you stare,
To hear her dull Advice:
She says that I from Men must fly,
Or mischief will ensue,
But in all the kind no harm I find,
I wish I may dye if I do.

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth,
The danger ne'er can tell;
And 'tis from Sense and Experience,
That she can talk so well;
But if she got Sense from Experience,
Then she may depend upon't,
I'll try to be as wise as she,
I wish I may dye if I don't.

Young Damon gay, the other Day,
Would struggle for a Kiss,
I pish'd and cry'd, and him did chide,
With—what do you mean by this?
'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll intrude,
When I have so oft forbid;
I wish I may dye if you dont make me cry;
But I wish I may dye if he did.

Then I'll be free whilst young I be,
And let my Mother scold;
And I'll despise being quite as wise,
Until I am quite as old:
At Forty Three a Prude I'll be,
And lay my Follies by,
But never till then will I shun the Men,
If I do—I wish I may dye.

"AS COLIN RANGED EARLY ONE MORNING IN SPRING"

[*c.* 1760]

[A Broadside Song with music; sung by Mr. BEARD at Ranelagh].

As Colin rang'd early one morning in Spring,
To hear the Wood's Choiristers warble and sing,
Warble and sing, warble and sing,
To hear the Wood's Choiristers warble and Sing;
Young Phebe he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair Maid,
Sung the fair Maid, sung the fair Maid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair Maid.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count;
Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years and yet still be a Maid.

Ye Heroes triumphant by Land and by Sea,
Sworn Votaries to Love, yet unmindfull of me;
Of Prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like Dastards and see me a Maid.

Ye Councellors sage, who with eloquent Tongue,
Can do what you please both right and with wrong;
Can it be by Law or by Equity said,
That a comely young Girl ought to die an old Maid.

Ye learned Physicians whose excellent skill,
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a Maid.

Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;
Ye eccho of eccho's, and shadows of shade,
For if I had you I might still be a Maid.

Poor COLIN was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisperd relief like a kind-hearted Swain;
And Phebe well pleas'd is no longer afraid,
Of being neglected and dying a Maid.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

[*b.* 1768]

[From *The Masque* (2nd ed., p. 292); also in *Merry Muses of Caledonia*; collected and retouched by BURNS].

John Anderson, my jo, John,
I wonder what ye mean,
To lie sae lang i' the mornin',
And sit sae late at e'en?
Ye'll bleer a' your een, John,
And why do ye so?
Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When first that ye began,
Ye had as good a tail-tree
As ony ither man;
But now it's waxen wan, John,
And wrinkles to and fro,
And aft requires my helpin' hand,
John Anderson, my jo.

When we were young an yauld, John,
We've lain out-owre the dyke,

And O! it was a fine thing
To see your hurdies fyke;—
To see your hurdies fyke, John,
And strike the risin' blow;
'Twas then I lik'd your chanter-pipe,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
You're welcome when you please;
It's either in the warm bed,
Or else aboon the claes.
Do ye your part aboon, John,
And trust to me below;
I've twa gae-ups for your gae-down,
John Anderson, my jo.

When ye come on before, John,
See that ye do your best;
When I begin to haud ye,
See that ye grip me fast;
See that ye grip me fast, John,
Until that I cry "Oh!"
Your back shall crack, or I do that,
John Anderson, my jo.

I'm backet like a salmon,
I'm breastit like a swan;
My wyme is like a down-cod,
My waist ye weel may span;

My skin frae tap to tae, John,
Is like the new fa'n snow,
And it's a' for your conveniency,
John Anderson, my jo.

THE PILGRIM

[*c.* 1770]

[A Broadside Song with music].

In Pennance for past folly,
A Pilgrim blyth and Jolly,
A Foe to Melancholy, set out strange Lands to see.
With Cockle-Shells on Hat-Brim,
With Staff, Scrip, Beads, and that Trim,
As might become a PILGRIM
Begging for CHARITY.

With Feet unshod he traces,
O'er Hills, o'er Wilds and Chaces,
And sundry Dismal places
  In hopes some roof to see:
But when he look'd, and saw no
Kind of Hut, or House to go too,
Was e'er poor PILGRIM plagu'd so
  Begging for CHARITY.

At length almost dejected,
Kind Heav'n, when least expected,

A Damsel's Steps directed,
Whence come you Sir says she.
On many weary Steps sweet,
And on all these poor Bare feet,
Oh could I be your Help Mate,
Lodging for Charity.

With chearful Voice, and Accent,
Says she I fear you'r half spent,
But what I say is well meant,
Come lodge this night with me.
That favour, Ma'am's excessive:
Don't speak on't, Sir, whilst you live,
If ought I have or can give,
I give it for CHARITY.

My Tenement is brittle,
My Room I fear too little,
It suits me to a tittle,
And in at once went he.
Through many a Town and City,
I've been to beg for Pity,
But ne'er found Room so pretty,
Or so much CHARITY.

Nine Days he liv'd in Clover,
So well he play'd the Lover,
She thought the time soon over,
And are you going says she.

But gentle PILGRIM should you
Return this way, I would do
As much as Woman could do,
And all for CHARITY.

"AS ROGER LAST NIGHT TO JENNY LAY CLOSE"

[*c.* 1770]

[A Broadside Catch with music].

As Roger last night to Jenny lay close,
He pull'd out his Budget, and gave her a dose;
The tickling no sooner kind Jenny did find,
But with laughing she purg'd both before and
behind:
Pox take it, quoth Roger,
He must himself be beside,
That gives Pills, Pills, against Wind and 'gainst Tide.

"WHOSE THREE HOGGS ARE THESE?"

[*c.* 1770]

[A Broadside Catch with music].

Whose three Hoggs are these, and whose three
Hoggs are these?
They are John Cook's, I know by their looks,
For I found them in my Pease.
Oh Pound them, oh Pound them, but I dare not
for my Life,
For if I shou'd Pound John Cook's Hoggs I should
never kiss John Cook's wife.

CHORUS

But as for John Cook's Wife, I'll say no more
than mum:
Then, here's to thee, thou first Hogg, untill the
Second come.

"AS I CAM O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT"

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS].

As I cam o'er the Cairney Mount
And down amang the blooming heather,
The highland laddie drew his dirk
And sheath'd it in my wanton leather.
O my bonnie, bonnie highland lad,
My handsome, charming highland laddie,
When I am sick and like to die,
He'll row me in his highland plaidie.

With me he play'd his warlike pranks,
And on me boldly did adventure,
He did attack me on both flanks,
And push'd me fiercely in the centre.
O my bonnie, bonnie highland lad,
My handsome, charming highland laddie,
When I am sick and like to die,
He'll row me in his highland plaidie.

A furious battle then began,
  Wi' equal courage and desire,
Altho' he struck me three to one,
  I stood my ground and receiv'd his fire.
    O my bonnie, bonnie highland lad,
      My handsome, charming highland laddie,
    When I am sick and like to die,
      He'll row me in his highland plaidie.

But our ammunition being spent,
  And we quite out o' breath, an' sweating,
We did agree, with ae consent,
  To fight it out at the next meeting.
    O my bonnie, bonnie highland lad,
      My handsome, charming highland laddie,
    When I am sick and like to die,
      He'll row me in his highland plaidie.

COMIN' O'ER THE HILLS O' COUPAR

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS; tune, *Ruffian's rant*].

Donald Brodie met a lass
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar;
Donald wi' his highland wand
Grippit a' the bits about her.
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Donald in a sudden wrath
He ran his highland dirk into her.

Weel I wat she was a quine
Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our Mess John, wi's auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad lick it at her.
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Donald in a sudden wrath
He ran his highland dirk into her.

Up she started in a fright,
Thro' the braes what she could bicker,
"Let her gang," quo' Donald, "now
"For in him's nerse my shot is sicker."
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Donald in a sudden wrath
He ran his highland dirk into her.

DAINTY DAVIE

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS].

Being pursu'd by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down,
And weel I wat he was worth his room,
My ain dear dainty Davie.
O leeze me on his curly pow,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;
Leeze me on his curly pow,
He was my dainty Davie.

My minnie laid him at my back,
I trow he lay na lang at that,
But turn'd, and in a verra crack
Produc'd a dainty Davie.
O leeze me on his curly pow,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;
Leeze me on his curly pow,
He was my dainty Davie.

Then in the field amang the pease,
Behin' the house o' Cherry trees,

Again he wan, atweesh my thies,
And, splash! gaed out his gravy.
O leeze me on his curly pow,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;
Leeze me on his curly pow,
He was my dainty Davie.

But had I goud, or had I land,
It should be a' at his command,
I'll ne'er forget what he pat i' my hand,
It was a Dainty Davie.
O leeze me on his curly pow,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;
Leeze me on his curly pow,
He was my dainty Davie.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

[*b.* 1796]

[By BURNS; tune, *Lass, if I come near ye*].

Wha is that at my bower-door?
O wha is it but Findlay.
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What maks ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise an' let you in;
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din,
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower, if you should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night, if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again,

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!